THE NEW YORK LEDGER

DEVOTED TO CHOICE LITERATURE, ROMANCE, THE NEWS AND COMMERCE

VOL. XVII. R. BONNER, PROPRIETOR AND EDITOR, NO. 49 PARK ROW. NEW YORK, OCTOBER 12, 1861. TERMS, $2 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE. NO. 32.

THE ANGEL OF SUNSET.

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

In yon purple cloud he stands,
Leaning o'er the shadowy Lands—
On his pride brow a star.
By its side the crescent bright,
And behind him, still star,
Solemn, awful, ancient Night.
Hark! he touches his silver prayer
Through the corridors of Air—
Asks for all the weary, sleep;
Puts the touch of loveliness Deep
For volumes, fatal frauds
In their fire-shades, perfect rest
For the tempest-tossed breast,
For the sore, sick-shrived heart.
Asks that while away breathe a time
Softest, sweetest to the moon,
Who shall cast her dewiest tears
Over continent and isle,
That again the rose of morn,
In the orient's garden born,
Dress its sparkling, perfect eyes,
While the Night's angelic cohue
Put the touch of loveliness Deep
Starting up with old desire,
And life's every pulse and eyes
In wonder at its circle of fire!

THE HUNTED LIFE.

A STORY OF STARTLING ADVENTURE IN THE FAR WEST.

BY COL. WALTER B. DUNLAP.

CHAPTER X.
THE SHADOW.

The moon, which was now approaching its full, shed a strong light down upon our camp, and I could see Manuel's features very plainly. I could see that they were pale, and that he was deeply agitated. He was the first to speak. He asked me what I held in my hand.

"Don't you know?" I replied. "Didn't you see?"

"No—I only heard something. It is an arrow?"

"Aye, boy, it is, and it came very near being in a worse place than in my hand."

He started forward and raised me by the arm, and his agitation increased.

"Come," he said, "let us go into the tent. There is danger here."

"So there is danger," I cried, "and it must be met, too—not in the tent, but somewhere in the wood."

"No, no," Manuel urged, as I turned towards the point from whence the arrow had come. "O, do not expose yourself there. Do not let me lose another friend. It is enough seldom for; it may be an Indian. O, do not go. Let us call our companions."

The boy was fairly frantic in his appeal, and clung to me most imploringly. I did not think so much of his strange emotion at the time, as I was too much occupied with thoughts of the deadly missile which had been so mysteriously discharged upon me. Finding Manuel was speak-discharged upon me. Finding Manuel was speak-ing, however, Paul Redwing came out, followed by Dick and John Reed. The trapper hurried up, and wished to know if anything out of the way had happened. I showed him the arrow, and told him how I had found it.

"This yar's remarkable," he said, casting his gaze around upon the wood. "It may be rel-ables. They reckoned they'd shoot the gourd with an arrer, and then fall upon us in a body. Taint best to give 'em chase now, for we don't know which way to run, as they'd have every advantage. Ye didn't see the varmint, did ye?"

"No, I replied. "I saw nothing. I heard the sound of a footfall, then the twang of a bow-string, and the arrow struck the butt of my rifle. On the next instant, before I could start towards the point from whence the arrow came, my attention was arrested by the approach of Manuel."

"Waur is the boy?"

I looked around, but the lad and gone. Paul repeated his call, however, and he soon reappeared from the tent. I knew what the trapper wished to ask him, so I proposed the question myself.

"Manuel," said I, "you must have been near me when that arrow struck my rifle."

"Yes, sir," he replied.

"Did you see anything beyond that? Did you see any body in the wood who could have discharged it?"

"I think I saw a man moving among the trees, sir." The boy paused a moment, and then he resumed—"It was then that I climbed upon the arbor. I could not stay. I was thinking partly of the story which Paul had told, and partly of other things, and when I found that my eyes would not close with slumber, I arose and walked out into the open air. I was moving away from the tent, towards a point where the trees thin out, in the light of the moon, when I was sure that I heard something moving not far off, and directly afterwards I thought I saw a dark form, like that of a man in a crouching position, move from one tree to another. My first thought was of danger to the sentinel, and I hurried towards him to give him warning, but before I could reach him the arrow had been fired. I saw nothing more."

"Did it look like a redskin?" asked Paul.

But Manuel could not tell. He had not seen the object distinctly enough for that.

By this time our whole party were up, and Paul drew away under cover of the wagon, where there would be less danger of arrows or bullets from unseen foes. He called me to his row in his hand, and examined it with much interest.

"No redskin ever made that yer thing," he said, "but yet a redskin might have fired it. It's kind o' curi'us, any how."

It was curious, certainly, and the more we talked about it, the more we got mystified. We watched until morning, but saw nothing further of any enemy. When the sun was up, Paul went out into the wood, and succeeded in finding a single track. He could find no more. After breakfast he drew me upon one side, intimating that he wished to speak with me in private.

[ENTERED ACCORDING TO ACT OF CONGRESS, IN THE YEAR 1861, BY ROBERT BONNER, IN THE CLERK'S OFFICE OF THE DISTRICT COURT FOR THE SOUTHERN DISTRICT OF NEW YORK.]

A DANGEROUS MESSENGER.

"Capt'n," he said, with his finger upon my arm, "I hav'n suspishin' remembrance of that yer affair. I've been over the ground, wharever I've been likely to be found, all day, and only one foot-mark is to be found. Moreover, that yer foot-mark is the very same identical one that we found once afore. 'Taurus's no Injun track, sure. It was a white man's track, jes' as true as ye live. I can't think 'at a single man would follow us in this shape to ruin us—it don't look reasonable."

"What do you think?" I asked, as he came to a pause.

"Why, I don't 'clactly know what to think. If I was a believer in spirits, I might think it was some evil thing that wanted to haunt us or camp, but I don't. There's no such thing. However, it isn't supposable that it's an evil spirit arter all, though it must be covered with flesh an' blood, like you an' I are, or it couldn't fire bullets and arrers."

Paul paused again, and I asked him if he had thought any further.

"Wal, yes, a leetle further," he said, as he laid his finger upon my arm again. "I don't want to make you uneasy, Cap'n, but it strikes me 'at this mysterious marauder has kind o' singled you out from all the rest on us. Don't it seem so to you?"

I confessed that it did.

"Fraps," pursued the trapper, as though he were hardly to throw out the suggestion, "you've got some deadly enemy that's hauntin' your life."

If the reader imagines that I had not thought of this theory, he is much mistaken. I had thought of it, and put the words of Paul Redwing made me start. There was something in the idea, and in the quiet and yet significant way in which he expressed it, that went deeper into my feelings than my previous thought of my own had done. Therefore, as I said, I was there something startling in the expression?

"Of course, I have enemies," I said. "And men who has been in my position must have them."

"Of course," responded the trapper, "but this arn't no ordinary enemy. Howsomever, I don't want to ask no impertinent questions. Only, if ye could possibly make out who this is, it 'ud be wight kinder better how to meet him. Any way, the next time he comes, I hope we'll be able to get a look at him. If I kin jes' git my eyes onto him once, I'll know when he's inside of suthin."

Paul saw that Scrap had got the mules harnessed, and he left me to make my preparations for the start. When I was left alone, my thoughts were of no very pleasant kind. The Shadow had begun to assume form and consistency. There might be a fell avenger upon my track, taunting my life with a zeal, passing prowess! And still it might not be so. The terrible thought might, after all, be only a baseless fancy. I prayed that it might prove so.

After we had started upon the trump again, I sought the side of Manuel.

"My boy," I said, "perhaps you have cared my life again."

He grasped me into my face, but did not speak.

"It may be," I continued, "that your coming last night prevented the assassin from firing upon me a second time."

"It may be so," the boy replied. He beat his head as he spoke, and presently looked up at me again. Then he asked me the same question which Paul had asked. He asked me if I had not some enemy who might be thus seeking my life.

"Why do you ask that question?" I returned.

"Because," he said, in a frank, straightforward way, "it has such an appearance to me. If I knew, I might be able to watch for you and help you. But yet I seek not to invade the repository of your secrets."

I don't know how it was, but somehow I felt like trusting that boy; and I acted upon the first impulse.

"My dear Manuel, I fear that you are right. I have a deadly enemy—one who would hunt me down if he once fired his mind that way. I need not tell you that the source of his hatred. I will only say that he has some reason to hate me, though I am as innocent of all wrong to him as a new-born infant could be. And, furthermore, we undoubtedly fancied that I am in the way of his accession to a most desirable estate, and, as a man hardly be possible that that man has followed me to this trackless wilderness."

"But still it may be so," said Manuel.

"Certainly," I replied.

The boy looked up into my face with an earnest expression, and asked me if 'twere best better to turn back, and avoid the danger.

"I will go with you," he said.

I laughed at his fears, and told him that we'd find some better way than that to escape the danger.

"Don't think that I fail to appreciate your kindness and love," I added, as I saw that my light laugh touched him unpleasantly. "But we'll keep a watch on this mysterious personage, and try to entrap him."

At this point we were joined by John Head, and the conversation was dropped.

"They're having a bit of a hunter ahead," said John.

What was it, I asked him.

"Haskett has got onto one of his high horses, and declares that there isn't a man in the party that can throw him."

"How come that?"

"Wal—at wrestling."

"Nonsense!" I cried.

"So I should say," echoed John. "But then Haskett don't look like it. I can see what he means; he wants to get a trial with the trapper."

He'd better let the trapper alone, I said.

We were busied for dinner Haskett declared that he must have a wrestle with somebody; and after much persuasion, he found a challenge direct to Paul.

"Cool!" returned the trapper, with a comical leer, "ye don't mean that."

"But I do, though," persisted Haskett.

"Yer crazy, man."

"Never mind about that, Paul Redwing. If you think you can throw me, just try it on. Can't you give a chance?"

"But," said Paul, "what's the use? The man don't stand, between the Rocky Mountains an' the Mississippi, 'at kin throw me."

"Will you have the goodness to try?" asked Haskett.

"Shall it be before dinner, or after?" said our guide.

"Both, if you like. But we'll try it now, for an appetizer, and afterwards to settle the meal."

Paul arose, with a broad smile upon his face, and intimated that he was ready.

I asked John if Haskett could wrestle.

"Yes," was the reply. "In Muskogee he is reckoned the best wrestler of the lot; but it don't appear to me that he can do anything with such a mountain of muscle as he's tackled now."

I was interested in the match, for I was glad to have an opportunity to try his skill upon the trapper.

"Are you ready?" asked Paul.

"All right," replied Haskett; and as he spoke he commenced one of those sort of fancy dances which professional wrestlers sometimes indulge in as a prelude to something more decisive. But his dance was of very short duration. Paul lifted him from his feet as though he had been a child, and laid him down upon the greensward so carefully as a mother would have laid her darling into the cradle.

"Is that your game?" cried Haskett, as soon as he had regained his feet.

"That's one of 'em," replied Paul, quietly. "Would ye like to see another one?"

"Let me show you one," said the Shadagee champion.

"All right. I should like to see it."

This time Paul went but one hand, which he used firmly upon the collar of his antagonist's jacket. The result was the same as before only the outlook was slightly different. Paul wasn't coy of the child-in-the-cradle business about this. Haskett's two hundred and odd pounds of flesh and bone came down very much as an ox comes down under the axe.

The conquered hero got up and shook himself; and after he had looked Paul over with a critical eye, he said—

"I guess I'll give in on that."

It was kept sport for John and Peter, and they rallied Haskett upon his fall to their hero's account. He took it all in good part, however; thus disarming them of more than half their will to plague him.

I might not have mentioned this little scene had it not come in just as it did. It arrested just in season to divert my thoughts from a painful subject, and afforded me a period of mental rest. The jokes and the laughter which followed during the afternoon restored me fully to myself again; so that, when our camp was arranged for the night I was ready to enjoy the social chat as of old.

Before we retired we discussed the question as to how much further our camp should extend. We had already had much sport, and much adventure; and we made more jubilees than we knew how to dispose of with any profit, and also having a fair prospect of meeting more herds on our return. It was finally decided that we would arrive in the Shadagee on the morrow, keeping up as far as the junction of the Little Arkansas with its parent river; and then return through the land of the Wyandots. This would give us journey enough, and afford us every variety of Western scenery.

That night I was not on guard, and I slept in peace. How long should it be so?

CHAPTER XI.
THE CHEROKEES' MESSAGE.

On the day following the events last recorded we fell in with another herd of buffaloes, and had rare sport until night. We had provided for the next, and built our camp-fire, and Scrap was busily engaged supper, when two Indians came upon their appearance, and asked for something to eat. They were Cherokees, looking honest and intelligent; and were, moreover, neat and cleanly in their persons. Paul was inclined to give them nothing to say to them; but I felt differently. They were so earnest and humble in their petition, and seemed to be so much in need, that my sympathies were awakened in their behalf.

"I reckon they're honest enough—as honest as the sun turned low," the old trapper said; "but I don't like 'em."

"Why not?" I asked.

"No. If they was, I'd pont 'em! No—there yer Injins is quiet enough or all bad. It's well."

"Then," said I, "we'll treat them kindly."

My companions seconded my proposition, and as Paul made no objections, the red men were fed and offered a place around their supper our dusky guests sat and smoked with us, and I found out that they were very entertaining; and even our old guide, though he went away at times to commune by himself, came back at length, and listened to the Cherokees. They told us that their village was some fifty miles away, and that they, with others, had come out after some valuable horses that had been lost. They told us how their tribe succeeded in forming; how all of the schools and churches that had been established in their midst; and of the gradual development of good institutions among them. We suffered them to sleep in our tent; and in the morning, after eating breakfast with us, they went away, thanking us heartily for our kindness. Their course lay to the south; ours to the north.

Towards the middle of the afternoon we reached one of the most lovely spots that I ever beheld. It was the first scene which had opened to my gaze since leaving St. Louis that could compare, in my mind, with the fairer scenes of our New England landscape. A deep vale, shaded by great old trees, spread up from the banks of a small, murmuring stream; a carpet of soft, green grass; while here and there clusters of gorgeous flowers broke of rich plumage flitting to and fro; while from a sturdy rock, beneath a steep, maple-crowned bank, burst forth a spring of water clear as crystal.

"Here," said I, "we camp for the night."

"We kan make fifteen miles more," suggested Paul. "It's a path 'a good shred of 'em."

"But we'll not find another place like this to camp in," I said. "No—we'll stay here."

My companions were as well pleased with the idea as I was, and our tent was very soon taken from the wagon and set up; and then Paul and Peter and Haskett went off after game, while John and I sat down near the spring to talk at our leisure. Dick was busy with some fishing-tackle, being anxious to try his luck in the stream.

"I don't care," said John, after we had been conversing awhile, "how soon I get home. I must get back before the snow falls."

I asked him if he had business that needed his attention. He looked up into my face, and I saw, from the soft, warm color that suffused his cheeks, and by the mellowing light of his eye, that I had touched a tender cord in his soul.

"Yes," he said, after a thoughtful pause, "I have business, Maurice. I must be at home before November."

"Tell me what it is, John."

"Well, Maurice, I don't mind telling you, for I think you will receive it in serious kindness. I don't want Peter to know it, for he would joke me and quiz me; and, to tell the truth, I don't want any joking on the subject. I can't bring my feelings down to that level. If I live, Maurice, and ANOTHER lives, I shall be married by the next Thanksgiving time."

Could I joke him then? Could I utter a light remark—could I betray a feeling other than sympathy for him? O, my soul! how the words sank into my heart of sympathy, and how every pulse set me my prayer that no blighting frost might come upon the blessed hopes of my cherished friend!

"As I live, John, I am glad of that," I said, as I grasped his hand, and gazed into his face.

He saw how sincere I was, and I had all his confidence from that time.

I asked him if I knew the one who was to be his wife.

"I think so," he said. "Don't you remember Kate Conley?"

Certainly I knew her. I remembered her well; for she had lived not far from John's home, and I had seen her often. I remembered her as a joyous, laughter-loving girl, whose very presence brought happiness with it. I told my finger upon John's arm, and smilingly said my finger upon John's arm, and smilingly said

"Ah—I have not forgotten, John. I remember her appearance of lifes, knotted with the bright blue ribbon; and I remember that she is Simon's Ruth; and I remember her rowing at the concert, when Knife sat all alone till you came to her rescue. And is she come to this?"

"Yes, Maurice," he cried, with warm, impressive fondness; "I love her with all my soul, and am proud to own it. Knife is an orphan, and has no money; but wealth that she will bring to me what is better—a wealth of soul, of love, of virtue, and of truth. You shall see her and see me after I am married; and I will promise you that then you shall say that we have been very comfortable."

I told John that I should certainly visit him if I did live, and then he entertained me with an account of many an interesting incident connected with his courtship.

And I listened to all this with deepest interest—with more interest than I should have my companion dreamed of. By and by John went off to see what Dick was doing, and I walked up to my bower. He was looking anxiously, hopefully forward to the coming of evening, and believing that the great hope of his life would then be realized. Poor boy! Little dreamed he that his beloved the distance of a continent was not that day to be carried her heart-broken. Faith kept the golden key.

Alas! it was in this wise: I had just mounted in my anguish, when I felt a light hand upon my arm, and on looking up I saw Dick Reed standing and looking down upon me with a look of such deep, sympathizing sorrowfulness as I had never before seen. As I should surely, at that moment, have repulsed any other approach, I looked down upon the grass by my side.

"Sit down, Dick," I said, motioning down upon the grass by my side.

"Yes, Maurice," the boy said and thoughts."

The light hand was laid upon my arm again; and again spoke that sympathizing, loving voice. It was a look of more than sympathy—it was a look of love—such love as only a true, gentle, affectionate heart bestows upon its companion.

"You have been thinking of the old story," he said.

"Yes," I replied. I felt my heart opened, and I told to him the tale of my wrongs. John had told me that I was to be home to be happy," I added. "He goes to claim the hand of his betrothed, and to declare his love. I breathe his name. O, Manuel, wonder not at these tears. God only knows how able my heart has been bruised!"

The boy rested his head upon my shoulder, with his head still upon my arm; and after a while he said, in a low, whispering tone,

"How nearly together run the currents of our grief. But," he added, looking up into my face, "you have more to hope for than have I. You are honored and respected by thousands of your countrymen; and in the years to come you may find a healing for your wound in the love of some noble maiden who can recompense you for all that you have lost."

"Ah, Manuel, I shall not chide you for such

speech, because I think you mean well. But you know little of my heart if you think there is consolation for me in that channel. When the child can forget the mother that bore it, and nursed it, and loved it, in gentleness and truth, and can turn the tide of trust to another, then may I believe that the time can come when my heart might turn to a new love. No, no, Manuel—I know my own heart too well."

The boy laid his head again upon my shoulder, and I knew that he was weeping. Under the impulse of my deep sympathy I wound my arm about him, and drew him upon my bosom.

"Dear Manuel, you are suffering," I whispered.

In a little while he put away my arm, and raised his head.

"It was but the passing of old scenes," he said. "I am calmer now." And as though he feared that I was about to question him, he arose and left me.

What a strange boy he was, and what a wonderful influence he exercised over me. I could not account for it. I did not try to account for it. It was like one of those startling freaks of nature, by the ignorant called supernatural, which meet the belief through actual sight, but which are still above and beyond the reach of reason. I watched him until he had passed from my sight, and was then relieved from further meditation by the appearance of Paul with a goodly load of game. Peter and Haskett came with him, and they had their fowling-pieces on their shoulders, but no game.

I asked Peter what he had been doing.

O, he'd just been out to see the country.

And what had Haskett been up to?

He said he'd been looking up a site for a paper mill.

Paul asked him if that was what he'd been shooting at.

"O, ye needn't laugh," cried Haskett. "I shot birds enough; but the plaguey things lodged in the high trees, and I couldn't get 'em."

"Well," said Peter, taking a pull at his brandy-flask, "I can tell the truth, anyhow. I fired once, but didn't kill anything."

Haskett made use of an expression not hardly refined enough for print, and then went off into the tent, where he left his gun and shot-pouch; and when he came forth again he wanted John Head to wrestle with him.

"You'd better not," said John.

"But I must," persisted Haskett; and as he spoke he seized John by the collar.

The reader will remember that I said John Head was very broad-shouldered, and yet very light. His strength was of the feline sort, while Haskett's was of the lumbering, cumbersome quality. Had John waited for his bulky antagonist to assume an approved position, he might have been thrown; but he waited for no such thing. He sprang upon him at once, with bound and a trip, and Haskett Eastwood came to the earth like a felled ox. The discomfited hero was anxious for another trial; but John was too wise for that, and kept out of his way.

By and by Samp had supper ready, and the game which Paul had brought in, and the fish which Dick had captured, added materially to our repast. We had just arisen from the meal, when the sound of horses' feet broke upon our ears; and, as we listened, one of our party suggested that it might be some loose animals taking a tramp—perhaps some of those which the Cherokees had lost.

"No," said Paul, shaking his head, "them hosses aint loose."

I had noticed the same peculiarity of tramp which had attracted the trapper's attention, and I knew very well that those hoofs were keeping time to the wills of human riders. In a few minutes, however, our doubts were set at rest by the appearance of two Indians, who came gallopping up the bank; and when they saw our camp, they turned in towards us.

"They're the varmints 'at stopped with us last night," said Paul, with a frown.

"And they're coming with a war-party," cried Peter, starting for his rifle.

But before any further surmises could be spoken the Indians had reached the spot where we stood. Their horses were steaming with sweat, and gave signs of having been ridden fast and far. The riders dismounted, and he who was to act as spokesman turned towards me, and I saw from the expression of his countenance that he had something of more than ordinary moment to communicate.

"You are my friend," he said. "You are all friends," he added, glancing around upon my companions; "and I and my brother have ridden with all our might to serve you. Listen to me, for I have news to tell you."

By this time Paul Redwing had become satisfied that something of importance was in the wind, and he drew near to listen.

"When we left you this morning we very soon fell in with four of our horses, which we captured without any difficulty. We made bridles of buffalo thongs, as you see, and having mounted these two, we led the others. Directly we came upon the track of more of our animals, and followed it until it led us back to the spot where you had camped; and here we came full upon a body of the Rio Roxos."

"The WHAT?" cried Paul, with a start such as I had never seen move him before.

"The Rio Roxos," repeated the Indian. "There were twenty of them. They caught us, and asked us if we'd seen the party that camped on that ground. We told them we had. They wanted to know who you were; what you were; what your baggage was; and what time you started. To all this we answered, expecting every moment to be killed; but they did not think we were worth killing; they were too eager for better lives, with better plunder. They took our two loose horses, and then sent us about our business; but before we got clear, we heard their plans. They mean to find you—they mean to murder every man of you—and then take your property. We started south, and they started north, following your trail. You had been friends to us, and we wished to serve you. We knew another trail, and we struck it, hoping that we might fall in with you. Here we are, and we have told you our story. The way is open before you—the trail to the north is good. If you flee, you may escape them, as they think to fall upon you to-night."

"Look yere," spoke Paul, advancing and laying his hand upon the Indian's arm, "d'ye know who leads that yer party?"

"I think it is the ruffian called SAN BEJA," replied the Cherokee.

"I thought so. You say thar was twenty of 'em?"

"Yes."

"And all mounted?"

"Yes—with strong horses."

"And armed for murder?"

"Yes."

"At what time did they strike on our trail?"

"It must have been an hour after noon."

"Of course you don't want to stop to help us fight?"

"We dare not. San Beja has never yet troubled our people. Should he find us here, he would seek vengeance most dire."

"I'm done," said Paul; and then turning to me, he added:

"The redskins have served us well. I know they tell the truth. Send 'em off as you please."

I saw that the Indians were very anxious to be going, and I did not blame them; but before they went I wished to reward them for their services; and I offered them money; but they drew back their hands, and would not take it.

"No, no," they said, "if we take that, we have repaid not your friendship. If you feel that you owe us anything, pay it to the first poor Cherokee you find in need. The trail is good to the north. If you have swift horses you may escape. We have done all we can do. You must do the rest."

And with this the dusky messengers rode away as swiftly as they had come, striking into the wood, off from the direct trail, as soon as they had opportunity.

"Them yer's honest Injuns," said Paul, when they had gone from our sight. "I ken tell when they lie, and when they don't. It's the truth they've been a tellin' us, an' we've got to get ready for a brush."

But what was it? Who was San Beja, and what were the Rio Roxos?

We saw from Paul's countenance that he was troubled. We knew that he apprehended some great danger; and we drew nearer to him, gathering about him anxiously, to hear him explain.

CHAPTER XII.

READY!—FIRE!

I had some idea of what was coming, for I was no stranger to the character of the ruffians that infested the regions about the Rio Roxo, but my companions were in the dark, at least as to particulars, and even I knew nothing of the particular band of which the Cherokees had spoken. Paul saw that we were anxious, and as soon as he had considered the matter he proceeded to enlighten us.

"Look yere, boys," he said, with excited earnestness, "we haint got Osages to deal with now. These yer Rio Roxos are the Red River Rangers, an' a more bloody set of villains never trod on the yearth. They're a sort o' half-breed, mongrel band, made up mostly o' them Mexicans that was left in Texas arter Sam Houston got through with his fight. Their trade is murder an' robbery, an' they spare nobody save the redskins. They're wise in this, for, ye see, by sparing the Injuns, they keep 'em friendly, an' so find shelter amongst 'em."

"But this San Beja," I said; "who is he?"

"I wur comin' to that," replied Paul, moving his hand towards his knife, and setting his teeth together till they grated like mill-stones. "This yer San Beja is the wickedest man of the whole gang. He wur a Mexican officer once, and wur turned out of the army in disgrace for the horrible things he done to prisoners that he took. He is the chief o' these Red River Rangers, an' whar he goes, thar goes butchery to the last life. Now ye know."

"And these men are coming upon us," said Dick, with a blanch spot upon his cheek.

"Yes," answered Paul. "You may depend upon that."

"Then," suggested Haskett, "we must make our way out of this as soon as possible. Don't you think so, Captain?"

The question was addressed to me, and I shook my head.

"If we take to flight," I said, "we must leave all our baggage behind us—all our baggage and all our provisions—and that, in this section, may be equivalent to starvation."

"An' that aint all," added Paul. "We may leave the wagon an' the mules behind, an' they'll overtake us then. I know what kind o' hosses them yer critters ride. They're on our trail, and it's onpossible for us to escape 'em. Ef they overtake us on the tramp, it'll be wuss for us."

"But," interposed Peter, "why can't we strike into the woods?"

"What for?" asked Paul.

"Why, to give 'em the slip, to be sure."

The old trapper regarded Peter with a look of pitying amazement.

"Give 'em the slip!" he repeated. "Ken we fly?"

"Not's I know of."

"Ken we walk under the yearth?"

"I guess not," replied Peter.

"Then what d'ye mean? Give 'em the slip! Why, bless yer soul, man alive, our hosses must make tracks, let 'em go whar they will, an' them yer rascals can foller a track as well as I ken."

I explained to Peter that the idea of escaping in any covert way was not for a moment to be entertained, and that only two ways of procedure were open to us. One was to leave all our property behind us, and flee with all possible haste; the other to stay where we were, and prepare for resistance.

"Remember," I added, "that these rangers are inured to toil, and may pursue us, and hunt us down with fatigue, and in that case we are lost surely."

Without much further argument, it was decided that we would remain by our camp, and defend ourselves as best we could. It was a sad chance—a hard one—but there was no alternative. Paul asked me to conduct the affair as I thought best. My first idea was to prepare my companions for the worst.

"There are positions," I said, "where we must look upon death as our fate, regarding any deliverance therefrom as an especial providence. They are occasions when we resolve that we will sell our lives as dearly as possible. This is one of those occasions, and we must meet it as such. And then I asked them if they understood me.

I knew by the shadows that flitted over John's face what were the thoughts that passed in his mind, and I sympathized with him deeply.

"Hope for the best, John," I whispered in his ear.

He started, and caught me by the hand.

"Don't fear, Maurice," he replied, closing his pale lips tightly together. "I am moved—I am sad—but I am not a coward. If I fail, I will leave to HER a memory untainted. You shall not see me flinch."

I returned the pressure of his hand, and then turned to where stood Dick and Haskett. They were agitated, but not afraid.

But there was no time to waste, and Paul and I conferred together as to the course we should pursue, and our arrangements were to be based upon the following conclusions: First, we concluded that San Beja and his gang would be along before a great while—perhaps before dark—for they could have no means of knowing where we were camped, and would therefore be very likely to come in sight of us unexpectedly. Second, we concluded that they could have no idea that we had been informed of their purpose, and consequently they would not look to find us prepared for them. And, thirdly, we concluded, from their known character and habits, that they would resort to no Indian subterfuges, but that, when they came in sight of our camp, they would prepare to attack us openly, and at once. With these ideas we proceeded to arrange for the defence.

It must be borne in mind that the place in which we were camped was a sort of theatre, semicircular in form, the straight side bounded by the river, while around the rest ran a steep bank, not less than fifteen feet high in any place. This bank did not quite reach to the water's edge, there being space enough for a wide path, which had probably been made by the washing of spring freshets. The area of this semicircular space might have been about equal to a square acre—I do not think it could have been more than that, and our wagon had been hauled up very near to the inner extremity, close by the spring; while the horses and mules were picketed upon the north side. There were no trees upon the bottom of this theatre; but upon the banks they grew large, and, in some places, thick. At a point directly above the spring they were thicker than anywhere else, and here we determined to take our stand. The bank in this place was all of twenty feet high, and so steep that it was with difficulty that we could climb it.

In this thicket, upon the top of the bank, over the spring, we resolved to take our stand; and thither our arms and ammunition were removed. We left the wagon and the tent as they were, and did not trouble the horses, concluding that, if we left the camp thus, the marauders, should they come before dark, might think that we had gone off into the woods after game. We were as expeditious as possible in our movements, and were soon ensconced in the thicket, with our firearms all loaded to their utmost capacity, and ready for use. It was now so near sundown that the trees upon the opposite bank of the river cast their shadows almost to our tent, though it would be a long hour before dark.

Until now I had not spoken with Manuel. I turned to look for him, and found him standing close by my side. He did not seem frightened; for, although he was very pale, yet his nerves were steady, and he clutched his small rifle with a determined grasp.

"If they come," I said to him, in a tone so low that no one else heard it, "you must be careful. We do not expect you to fight."

"Think not of me," he replied. "I shall be watchful and circumspect."

I might have said more, but my attention was at that moment called to the horses, who were pricking up their ears, and snuffing the air. Old Paul saw it, and bent his ear to the ground.

"They're comin'," he said. "Wait a minute, an' you'll hear the tramp."

Aye—it was not over a minute when the sound of horses' feet broke plainly upon our ears. Every rifle was grasped; and, if there were some throbbing hearts, there were no shrinking ones.

"Don't be in a hurry," I said, addressing my companions. "Don't let a shot be fired until you hear the word. Everything may depend upon our caution."

"Aye," added Paul; "an' look out 'at they don't diskiver us. Ef we're keerful they won't mistrust whar we be."

In a little while—it may have seemed a long time to some of our party—the marauders made their appearance around the low bluff, between the point of the bank and the river; and a dozen of them had come in sight before they discovered our camp. When they did so, however, they stopped, and their companions soon joined them.

I had seen many villainous looking people in my life, but I think I never before saw such an inhuman looking set of desperadoes as were those Red River Rangers. They were dressed in wild, wolfish garbs; with faces unshaven, and hair unshorn; and they seemed bedaubed, from head to foot, as though with great gouts of blood. The chieftain, San Beja, who rode in advance, was a giant in stature, and seemed a living type of those fabled ogres of the Orient, who inhabited the places of sepulchre, and lived on dead men's flesh.

If I had felt anything like trepidation before, I felt none now. I regarded the marauders as so many inhuman monsters, whose death would be a blessing to the world; and I felt myself nerved to the work of extermination. And just so felt Paul Redwing, for I heard him grating his teeth, and muttering to himself as though his keen eye was fixed upon a score of panthers.

The Rangers, when they had seen our tent, and our wagon, and our picketed animals, and the smoke of our dying fire, consulted together a few moments, and then moved up the glen, peering around upon all hands, as though in search of those who owned all this property. They were jabbering away in a mongrel tongue, and directly Paul made out some of the words they spoke.

"—*st!*" he uttered, after bending his ear a few moments longer, "they don't smell any danger. They think we're off in the woods arter game.—Hold on.—Don't move. Ef we're keerful, we'll have 'em yet.—Ha—they're goin' to see what's to be plundered."

It was evident, from the movements of the villains, that they had no suspicion that their coming had been known to us. They supposed that we had eaten our supper, and gone off upon a tramp. Some of them picked up the bits of food we had left around the fire, while others proceeded to the wagon, and began to examine its contents. Among the latter was the chieftain, who, when he had seen that there was considerable of value within the lumbering vehicle, called upon his companions, and made them quite a speech, I could not understand what he said; but Paul quickly interpreted it for us.

"We must draw on 'em pooty soon," the old trapper said, "or we may lose the chance. San Beja is tellin' his men to hide. He thinks we're off in the woods, and he means to conceal himself till we come back, an' then fall upon us, an' cut us down. See—they're movin'. We must give it to 'em now, if ever!"

It was as Paul had said. The whole band had gathered near to their chieftain while he had been speaking, and they were now moving towards the bank. Aye—and they seemed inclined to select for their hiding-place a spot very near to where we lay,—perhaps they might turn that very way, as our covert was the best of any to be found. Surely there was no time to waste.

Paul asked me if I was ready. I replied that I was, and then turned to my companions with the same question. As before, when we met the Osages, we had our double-barrelled guns ready for use the moment our rifles were discharged; and they were faithfully loaded, too. And, as upon that former occasion, we meant to keep our pistols for the closer conflict. In order that we might waste no shots, by two of us aiming at the same individual, we selected our men; and I then gave the word to be ready.

It was a moment of intense anxiety. John Head was close to me upon my left, and I fancied that I could hear his heart beat; but I saw that he was firm, and I believed that his aim would be sure. The Rangers were now very near together, and were slowly moving around between us and the wagon. They had all dismounted, their horses having been left to graze at will, and the tired and hungry beasts showed no disposition to run away from the place where grew such soft, rich grass. Some of the gang had their rifles in their hands, while others still had them slung upon their backs.

But the time was not quite yet. One of their number, who had remained by the wagon, suddenly called to his companions, and they stopped and turned towards him. He had found a small keg of brandy; and thus, for a while, was the spot where the man stood with the liquor, each one anxious for a turn at the fiery beverage.

We might have discharged our rifles then, but the effect could not have been a sure one, as, where our objects were so closely huddled together, half a dozen bullets might have been spent in one body.

Just then I felt a pull upon my sleeve, and upon turning, I found Manuel close behind me. He was paler than before, and trembled at every joint.

"*See there!*" he whispered, pointing with his finger.

I looked in the direction thus indicated, and saw, at no great distance, standing within the shade of the deep wood, a human figure. I could not see it distinctly, for the sun had thrown its last gleam upon us for the day, and the shadows of the forest were heavy and dark. But I saw the man, and I saw something of his outline. It was a tall, weird-looking form; and I fancied that the face was covered with beard, and looked wild and haggard. And, moreover, I saw the flashing of the eyes, like the fell light of a panther's. I saw all this, and then the vision passed away, and disappeared. I strained my eyes to penetrate into the gloom of the forest; but I could see the spectral presence no more.

Dick and John, who were close by me, had noticed the movement of the boy, and my subsequent emotion; but they had not seen the figure in the wood; and when they asked me what had happened, I told them, nothing.

For a few moments my mind was divided between the spectre and the Rangers; but it was not to be so long, for the rascals had each had a turn at the brandy, and were turning their attention again to a place of concealment. I have said that the sun had gone, but it had not quite carried the day with it. The glen was thrown into the shadow, but a soft, clear light still lingered over the scene.

And now the moment of anxiety returned, and the rifles were again breathlessly clutched. The marauders were once more between us and the wagon—just a score of them—making towards the bank. Paul whispered that the time had come; and I, with a half-stifled cry, gave the order to fire!

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

"THE WIDOW GRAY."

When I first went to my present boarding-house, the room in the rear of mine was occupied by a pretty, bright little woman of about twenty-five, and her little boy, a curly-pated urchin of three years, the pet and torment of the entire household. My landlady had carefully concealed the fact of this child's existence until after I had taken the room and moved in.

I believe it has been intimated, in former articles, that I am an unmarried lady, not so young as I once was—in plain terms, an "old maid;" and though I *do* love children pretty well—yes, I may say, *dearly*, I *do not* love their noise. If I must be in the house with them, I wish my room to be as far removed as possible from any they frequent.

My readers will understand, therefore, why I was indignant when I found I had on the same floor with me, with only a set of closets between my room and his mother's, this noisy Master Charlie Gray. I did not like it, and I was determined not to be reconciled to it.

Mrs. Gray made some overtures toward acquaintance during the first few days, but I was very cool and distant, and as she was a sensitive little body, she soon desisted.

When I saw this I was a little sorry, for I could see that she was a very genial, social person, and a true lady, such as we find in but small numbers in these great caravanserai, city boarding-houses. Besides, I had found that, thanks to the intervening closets, Master Charlie really gave me no annoyance at all, while his bright little face, curly locks, and precocious wit, were exceedingly attractive to me. He was destined at last to dissolve the spell of coldness that had gradually woven itself around his mother and myself. It was in this wise:

I was sitting in the parlor, one morning after breakfast, when Master Charlie came in. He went and stood beside his mother a while, but she was engaged in conversation with another lady, and he found himself unnoticed. Presently he came with stealthy, sidelong movement, towards me. I put out my hand and said "good morning" in my kindest tones, for the sweet, eager little face was very winning. There was a moment's hesitation, then Charlie's little palm was laid frankly in mine, while he said gravely, fixing his eyes with a growing friendliness on my face:

"I guess you don't hate me, do you, Miss B——?"

"Hate you, Charlie? certainly not. Did you think so?"

"No, I didn't quite think so, but Mr. Butler told me that I'd better not go near you, for you were an old maid, and old maids hate children, 'specially boys. Are you an old maid, and do you hate 'em?"

"Charlie! Charlie!" sounded the mother's warning voice, but Master Charlie was desirous of information, and not to be balked in his purpose.

"Please don't, mamma," said he, in grave reproof. "I say, Miss B——, do you?"

"Do I hate little boys? Not good ones, Charlie, and you are good, are you not?"

"Not very," Charlie began, glancing over his shoulder at his mother, who was approaching, but still holding tightly to my hand.

"Not at all good now," said Mrs. Gray. "Dear Miss B——, I hope you will pardon my little boy. I fear he will be completely spoiled here, in this great house, where there are so many people to talk to him. Of course he does not understand what he is saying to you, and I trust you will not feel annoyed by it."

"Not in the least, I assure you, Mrs. Gray," I answered, and then I begged that Charlie might not be punished for repeating the foolish gabble of one of a pretty large class of our boarders, namely, foppish young men without breeding or education—"gents," not gentlemen, who delight in vulgar criticisms of all who are not within their sphere.

We fell into conversation then, I listening to her praises of Charlie's usual docility, and taking occasion to ventilate certain of my theories in regard to the training of juveniles. I found Mrs. Gray a most agreeable person, not only then but in our future intercourse.

I soon learned that Mrs. Gray was not, as I had at first supposed, a widow, but that her husband, who was already distinguished as an engineer, had been induced to join an important scientific expedition. He expected to be absent about two years. One of these was already passed, and the young wife and mother already counted the intervening days with anxious solicitude for the coming of that happy one that was to witness their reunion.

She delighted to talk of her husband, to trace his likeness in Charlie's blooming young face, to read over and over again the few and infrequent letters that he had found opportunity to send her. Her whole life, with all its joys and hopes, was centred in that dear domestic circle, that beautiful trinity of love.

I had been about six months in E. street, when little Charlie sickened. It was but some ordinary childish ailment, we all thought, and so said the physician, who was at length called, more in deference to the mother's solicitude than because there seemed any real need of his attendance.

But the little one grew worse; almost ere we were aware of the change, dangerous symptoms had made their appearance. Every hour increased the frightful violence of the disorder. The little form was racked, and the face reddened and distorted with pain.

His mother sat beside him, holding his burning hands in hers, or bathing his hot brow. She administered all his medicines, and watched him constantly with piteous anxiety; while I and other friends surrounded the little couch, and strove, all in our power, to lend our aid, and drive away the swift approaching destroyer.

Death came gently at last. The sweet voices was hushed, the bright, eager eyes closed forever. The mother, unable to believe what she saw, pressed wild kisses on the marble brow and still lips, that for the first time were unanswering. She believed at last, and with one piercing shriek, sank back insensible.

It was while Charlie's little coffin lay still unburied in the house, that the tidings of the failure of that brilliant, but unsuccessful expedition which Mr. Gray had joined, arrived. Its members were killed by the savages among whom they had been wandering, or scattered in that wild and unexplored country where, to them, death seemed to be inevitable. To which party Mr. Gray belonged, it was impossible to ascertain. We could only hope that his life had been spared, and that he might still escape from the dangers that surrounded him.

No one spoke to Mrs. Gray upon the subject. Sunk into the apathy of early grief, she never read the newspapers of the day, and all ordinary sources of information were thus closed to her. But after some weeks fresh tidings came, that classed Mr. Gray's name amidst those who had been surrounded and cut off. No doubt now remained that he was dead, and the inexorable claims of business then presented themselves.

Mr. Gray had not neglected to prepare for such a not impossible contingency. His business had been left in the hands of a trusted legal friend, to whom the interests of his wife, an orphan without near relatives, and his son, were committed. This gentleman came now to visit his childless and widowed charge.

I had known him long, for he was a friend and frequent guest of my brother, Counsellor B——, and he earnestly requested me to be present at the painful interview he was about to hold with Mrs. Gray.

Very gently and tenderly Mr. E. performed his task. Ere it was over the widowed one lay cold and insensible in my arms.

It was a terrible awakening—to utter loneliness, and a growing consciousness of hopeless bereavement. But Mrs. Gray was youthful and vigorous, both in mind and body. Life flowed strongly through her veins. Grief might prostrate, but could not destroy her. In a little time she appeared once more at the table, and in the parlor, much paler than of old, indeed of almost ghastly pallor in her deep sables, and very quiet, but otherwise scarcely changed from the joyous, girlish creature I had first seen scarce a year before.

The re-appearance of Mrs. Gray was the occasion of the display of many of those excellent traits that, spite of all croakers may say, still exist in much abused human nature, even in its least agreeable forms. Our landlady, sometimes accused of a sordid spirit, was kind and tender, almost motherly, to Mrs. Gray. All the detestable boarding-house bickering and gossip ceased in her presence. The elder ladies were quietly attentive to her, the younger ones ceased their tittering and flirting, and even the "gents" assumed a subdued manner, that told of native kindliness better even than the conventionalities of good-breeding which they so much lacked.

Henceforth Mrs. Gray was the silently acknowledged pet and protégée of the household. The best seat at table, the earliest attention from inmates and servants, the most agreeable corner of the fireside or sofa, or the easiest chair in the parlor, were quietly allotted, as by general consent, to her. Her tastes were consulted. Books and flowers found their way to her room from the most unexpected sources; bits of fancy work from the dainty fingers of those seemingly thoughtless girls were freely offered to her acceptance; the music she loved was played, with a thoughtfulness that made a request unnecessary; in short, all the small but important tokens of sympathy that are so cheering to the afflicted, were showered upon Mrs. Gray with a quiet kindness, such as one would scarcely expect to see falling upon the arid sands of boarding-house life.

And so the months passed away. Charlie had died in the spring-time, and another May was now gladdening the waiting earth. Mrs. Gray and I had fixed upon a certain morning to drive to Greenwood, on a visit to that little grave, which was the shrine of our frequent pilgrimages.

The morning was beautiful, and I went out early to purchase some flowering plants to place on Charlie's grave. As I reached the house, on my return, a young man, sunburned and shabby, sprang up the steps before me, and rang impetuously at the door.

Turning, he saw me at his side, and, with a bow, inquired if I resided there. I replied that I did.

"Is Mrs. Gray——" he commenced, but at that moment the servant threw open the door, and the inquiry was transferred to the man.

"Is Mrs. Gray residing here? Is she within?"

Something told me this was the bearer of glad tidings. I dared not think—believe what I wished, but I gazed earnestly at his fine face as he pushed past the servant, and placed his foot firmly upon the stairs.

At that instant, a shriek of joyful surprise rang through the house. A light figure, clothed in deepest sables, flung itself madly down the stairs. There was a bound, joyful cries, smothered kisses and words of endearment, and then the young man bounded on up the long flight with Annie Gray lying insensible in his arms.

Silent and joyful I went to my room. I was not needed there. I had no part nor lot in this great joy, which had come to my friend. There might have been a few jealous pangs, as I contrasted my loneliness with her fullness of companionship, for I am but very human; but I smothered them, and let my spirit revel in imagining the blessed peace and comfort that had so suddenly descended upon that sorrowing soul.

When Annie Gray came down to dinner, leaning on her happy husband's arm, she had laid aside forever the heavy black robes of her hopeless bereavement. She had not forgotten little Charlie, but she had long learned to think of him as an angel form gone before her to his heavenly home, while beside her now walked the angel of her life, in the pride and strength of his manhood. Through fearful perils he had, by God's providence, returned to her, and thenceforth to wear the symbols of mourning would have blasphemed her pure and perfect joy.

No longer the "Widow Gray," she is still the favorite inmate of our boarding-house home. She and her husband delight to honor their humble friend, and their home is to be mine. We go together, often now, to visit Charlie's grave, but our sorrow is no longer as that of those who have no hope. C. B.

THE CHILDREN IN THE STREET.

BY TAMAR ANNE KENMORE.

I watch the little children,
They play at many things;
I hear their merry laughter,
As joyously they sing.
I see their rosy clothing,
Their look of sinless light;
And I think of all things lovely,
They are fairest of the fair.

For me there's a constant music
In their lightly falling feet;
Ah! bright and gay and happy!
Are the children of the street.

Rich glances beam from weary eyes
Of black, and brown, and blue;
I love to look into their depths,
Those depths so pure and true.
Death within their trusting hearts
Has fixed no resting place;
And mingled but innocence and joy
Is stamped on each fair face.
Days of help, happy childhood,
In those words on earth no scorn!
God bless the gentle darlings—
The children in the street.

Come sad youth and simple beauty,
Every heart must feel their charms;
The fondest loved young children,
And took them to his arms.
The blessing that he gave them
Rests still upon each head;
He watched over and loved them
While living here on earth.
May their gentle, innocent, glad hearts,
For years so gayly beat,
As they do this pleasant evening—
Happy children in the street.

THE PASSIONATE CHILD.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

A dark-eyed boy sat playing at draughts with a little sister, two or three years younger than himself. His motions were quick, decisive and his manner absorbed, showing that he was deeply interested in the game. Suddenly, a flush went over his face, and an angry word against his sister leaped from his tongue.

"I didn't mean to do it," said the little sister, in a deprecating voice.

"Yes you did mean to do it!" The boy's black eyes flashed up with a fierce radiance; and there was a restless twitching of his fingers as if the impulse to strike was trembling along his nerves.

"Silence, sir!" exclaimed the mother of the children.

"Yes you did mean to do it!" repeated the boy, more passionately, as if indignant that others have heard his mother's injunction.

"Silence, I say!" Angrily now left a stain upon the mother's face. But a deeper stain dyed the boy's face.

"I'll kill you one of these days!" he almost shouted, as he pushed the small table at which they were sitting with so much violence, that it fell over, with a jar and a crash upon the floor. In wild excitement, the mother caught hold of the boy, and struck him two or three times quite blindly and in rapid succession, he, meantime, struggling against her powerful arm.

Now this time, taken, and pick up the checker-board," said the mother, assuming an air of self-control sufficient, at least, to restrain her, while pushing him from her with such force that he went staggering half across the room. He stood, evidently recovering himself, with his face yet deeply flushed, and his whole person quivering with passion.

"Did you hear me?" demanded his mother. The boy stirred not a foot.

"John!" The mother's passion was increasing. Against this barrier to her will, the tide was swelling and foaming. Her eye, nostril as well love spoken to a statue. "Pick up that table!"

No sign of obedience was visible.

Still bolder in her passion, the excited mother sprang, with uplifted hand, towards the boy; but, with a quick motion, he eluded her, and turned from the room. She was following, when a low voice, so solemn in its warning, that she could not resist the impulse, arrested her name, and she paused and turned back.

"Mary, Mary! Are you not provoking, forbear!"

"But what am I to do, Aunt Phebe? Let him have his own way?"

The mother sat down, trembling, the flush of her face not less until it became pale.

"Rule him by the law of reason, Mary."

"Reason! Talk reason to a child in the heat of passion!"

"Not to the child, Mary, but to the mother."

There was a slight appearance of surprise.

"I am sure you mind I understand you, Aunt Phebe."

"You who rule," said Aunt Phebe, "sits, first, in the region of calm delight, and before acting, determines the course you will pursue. Is not that your course just now?"

"There was no time for cool debate. I was required to act. Duty to myself and child demanded prompt discipline. A passionate temper like his must be checked in the beginning, or it will soon hold him with a strong hand."

"You did not succeed in holding him in the present case, Mary."

The mother's eyes dropped from those of her monitor, and fell on the floor.

"What is to do?" Eyes was trouble on her face as she looked up, and despondency in her voice.

"If we meet passion with passion, Mary, what is the result? A blinder and more desperate passion, in most cases; thus the evil against which we contend is made stronger instead of weaker. Does the sun grow fairer by our? If a child is bad, how are we to induce him to be—by exciting his fears? Not so; we remove, as far as possible, whatever may excite the storm, and teach him self-control, and the habit of looking for good rather than evil. The kingdom of heaven is within us, and we must build

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

NEW YORK LEDGER

ROBERT BONNER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1861.

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TO CLUB RAISERS.—We will not receive registered letters unless.

THE WAR BILL.

John Bull, as represented in the "next friend," of the London Times, is much exercised about our war bills. We are running recklessly into debt, he thinks, and he can see nothing better for us in the distance than grinding taxation and ever destitution, the whole to conclude with national bankruptcy and general ruin. We have authorized, such gentlemen tell us, a loan of five hundred millions of dollars! John is shocked. Suddenly himself, with a national debt of about a thousand millions of pounds sterling, the executive civil gentlemen stretches out his tendrils with a tragic air, puts it to his eyes, and weeps for us. Most of John's enormous debt, indeed, were incurred in fighting the battles of the blackest despotisms in Europe. He does not expect ever to cancel them. In order to pay the annual interest upon them, he is content to the utmost limits of parsonite endurance, and yet he pitches on, and at times has managed to devote our money freely to support a government under which fourteen millions of people are carefully thrives.

If John were not a hypocritical old crocodile, he would not talk in this fashion through his blanket-sounds-pieces, the Times. Considering the immediate opening of the cotton ports, would think him so much to see us on our last legs, politically and financially. But he will have to digest the vexation of his spleen without the slight of such a remedy. The debts we have patriotism enough to incur, we have the capacity and energy to provide for. He is in the condition of the overdrains cannel-smither Dunbar's weight added to his present burden would go near to break his back. But Brother Jonathan, young, vigorous, and capable of bearing a mighty back-load, can enjoy under the pressure of a debt of five hundred millions of dollars. He has barely reached the third of the "seven ages," while John is in the fourth, and will soon be in the seventh. John should remember, then, that in this country we can afford to pay taxes. Men here are not obliged to slave for from seventy-five to fifty cents a day. Laborers are now wanted in the West at twelve dollars a week. A factory hand here can earn more in one day than he could earn at Manchester in three. Then land that scarcely requires more than scratching to make it productive, may be had in the United States—aye, and within the reach of great markets, too—almost for the song. In short, the elements of immeasurable wealth lie around us on every side waiting to be developed, and we can accumulate riches by the acre of greater than we is now possible in other lands. Let not, therefore, our anxious friend of the "fair-colored" John be over-grieved with the hope that we are going to the tod. Our business is strong, our shoulders are broad. We can bear our self-imposed burden without sinking. One thing, however, we cannot afford, and that is to be parsimonious in sustaining that Union upon which our prosperity depends.

GIVEN NAMES.

There is something in a name, and had the "divine William" survived the loss of the Folios long enough to see the dawn of the Commonwealth, he would have acknowledged the fact. Whatever may be said of the rose smelling as sweet by any other name, it is quite certain that the vulgar patronymic "Barebones" derived a special "odor of sanctity" or notion of sanctimoniousness, from its prefix, "Praise-God." There was a period in the Christian names of the "chosen vessels" of Oliver Cromwell's day. The "Wrath-to-Fights" and "Serve-the-Lords" of that era are scarcely more to be reverenced and looked up to as saints of the Christian kind, but they have a certain flavor of Tom.

Nobody in this profane age, however, would think his parents for having tacked a Bible sentence to his family appellation at the christening font. The custom of putting Scripture texts and phrases to such a questionable use was abandoned even by the New England descendants of the Puritans more than a quarter of a century—the last "case" within recollection being that of a Yankee lumberer who drove a wagon between Baltimore and Wheeling about thirty-five years since, and who rejoiced in the name of "Through-Tribulation-To-Exhibit-Enter-the-Kingdom-of-Heaven-Clapp." That being rather too long a cognomen to call a man to breakfast by, his friends abbreviated it to "Tribby Clapp." There are many persons now living in Baltimore and Wheeling who remember the old man well.

It is positively a piece of cruelty to saddle upon children names that must expose them to ridicule in after life. In all very well for aristocrats and princesses, whom it would be profane for the "lower orders" to poke fun at, to have a string of jaw-breaking designations as long as the mortal law; but in a nation of sovereigns who cark jokes and "run sores" upon each other without pity or remorse, the right hand is "more honored in the breach than in the observance." In this connection it occurs to us, that about the time John Quincy Adams went out of office, a gentleman of the name of Sears, residing in Washington, had a daughter baptized by the auspicious name, "Cordelia-Ann-la-Zebulon-Pike-Montgomery-Wells." A friend of ours says he remembers Miss Cordelia-Ann-la-Zebulon-Pike-Montgomery-Wells Sears, as a remarkably intelligent child, and will venture to say that she has many a time wished her "fond parents" had been less ambitious and more concise in his family nomenclature. Sometimes a flutin or a Scotch costume a high-sounding appellative upon his baby son, for the purpose of raising him above the level of the plain mass of Smiths and Browns. Also! the incongruous association only makes him a standing jest when he grows up. It is like saying, as the fruit-hawkers do in Commonwealth, "In the name of the Prophet—figs." The other day we saw it stated in the daily papers that "Brigadier-General Gustavus-Adolphus Savage" was raising a brigade of troops in Erie county. Mr. Savage is doubtless a very respectable man and a good patriot, but his parents did him great injustice.

A NEW REPUBLIC.

Two years ago Schamyl, the puissant chief of the Circassians, was the terror of the Russian army, and now that brave and indomitable race, despairing probably of the return of their beloved high priest and ruler, have "proclaimed a republic." They are governed by Mr. Soroggo, in their hard fight against their would-be enslavers, every American acquainted with their history has sympathized, and their adoption of a form of government kindred in principle to our own, however it may differ from it in details, gives them a still nearer claim to our friendly regard.

Most of us have heard more of the women of Circassia than of the men. But in the wild, rugged, lungsinking blue eyes, and lips so temptingly fast from the mouths of the fair ones who form the boasted mouth of Pluto if there had been such a thing in Athens. And among the most brightest types of female loveliness by the circumfused Circassian, we may number the Russian eulogists. Byron and Moore have celebrated them in song, and Circassian beauty at the time when Lady Wortley Montagne wrote her delightful letters to the dots of Miss Mackoo's bet work, have dwelt admiringly upon their charms. But it is with the men of the mouth—the Spartans of the present age—that we have to do.

Glance at the map of Asia, and you will see an almost inaccessible triangle of land, the mountains separating the Black Sea from the Caspian. The northern portion of this triangle is a continent of land "about the size of one of our second class states—say Ohio." From its upper frontier almost to the arctic circle, there are gigantic Empire of Russia. To the south is the Persian empire, and between the two is the Circassians, a people who have maintained their independence in spite of the fierce efforts of both powers to crush it. The bravest of the Caucasus, to which they have given their name, are the Circassians, and when they once tended their flocks and herds, they were the terror of the surrounding nations for north. As regards relative strength, it is as it is in stunning bulk to the cat, and yet the cat has cost Russia more than half a century of constant fighting, hundreds of millions of rubles, and countless thousands of her finest troops, to force the Circassians to accept of her stronghold, daring to combine empire of sixty millions, with a standing army of seven hundred thousand trained soldiers. It is a proud reflection that no American patriot can contemplate the struggle of the Circassians for freedom except against such odds. God speed!

The Circassians are a warlike race, and among the classic highs they have made deadly close to the Russians. Every year they still pay the Ottoman, for they are the only land which has ever been able successfully to defy the "Sick Man" of the East.

Another people have proclaimed a Republic. We know nothing of its constitution or laws, but it is reddest to believe that the Russians recognizes the principle of popular sovereignty—the right of the people to rule. In saying so we run that right the Republicans of America—we do not mean the Republicans of Boston, but those of Washington and Jeffersonian sense—are not in favor of Circassia, however, more decisively than the champions of the American Union, are called upon to do battle for her principles with her own children.

SOLDIERS' GRAVES.

A thoughtful and touching order from the War Department has been issued, the object of which is to record the names and places of burial of soldiers who fall in the present struggle, who may hereafter die in the general or post hospitals, in camp or on the field of battle. The order provides that the name of the deceased, the regiment to which he belonged, and the or other lasting wood, to be raised at the head of his grave, and each grave be numbered, and that name, number, date of burial, &c., be reported to the Adjutant General's office at Washington, there to be carefully preserved.

This system will greatly facilitate the identification of soldiers who are reported missing, and it is desired to remove them from their fro-ral graves, and inter them in cemeteries near the homes of their kindred repose, and where their friends may visit them, and have the last consolation of weeping over their graves.

It is hereby made the duty of the surgeons to locate the dead—to know that *somewhere* mouldering in the earth, there lies buried, without coffin or shroud, to be raised at the head of his grave, and each grave be numbered, and that name, number, date of burial, &c., be reported to the Adjutant General's office at Washington, there to be carefully preserved.

In order to obtain full information on all points the duty of Secretary Cameron's orders, it will only be necessary to address a letter to the Adjutant General's office at Washington, and the information will be promptly furnished. And brothers of patriot soldiers among the ranks of the Union, or sisters or wives or sons not have seen the order will do well to bear this little article in mind. We could wish indeed that the information it contains might never be needed by any one of them, but, alas, the wish would be idle.

GENERAL FREMONT—A MISTAKE.

The Fremont excitement has already gone into tales in quarrelling with Colonel Blair. Though he is a Republican, and a citizen, the Colonel is subordinate to the General; and he has resigned his Chairman of the Military Committee of the House of Representatives, and the rank of Brigadier, to the Postmaster-General, that General Fremont was appointed to be prompted by a high honorable station, and it is never becoming in an official to turn his back on those tried friends who elevated him to power. Colonel Blair has done too much for the Union cause in Missouri to be ill-treated by any man—no matter what may be his position—who has the good of the country at heart. We are sorry, therefore, both for General Fremont's sake, and the sake of the country, that he should have made this mistake.

MODERATION is the silken string running through the pearl chain of all virtues.

THE LAST DAYS OF MARIA ANTOINETTE.

BY JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.

On the night of the 20th of June, 1792, a mob of ragamuffins assembled, swarming through the streets of Paris, crowded through the wickets of the Louvre into the Place du Carrousel. Bringing up two pieces of cannon before the royal gate of the Tuileries, they were prepared to blow the gates down, when the officer of the guard, feeling resistance hopeless, ordered the doors to be thrown open. In locust legions the multitude rushed in, overrunning through every part of the palace. The queen, with her children, and surrounded by a few friends, was in one of the chambers when the mob with their hatchets hewed down the door and burst in. Her children, ten years of age, clung terrified and weeping to her side. Her son, seven years old, grand upon the pedestal which supported her, wondering what it meant.

As the infuriated group swung through the room, the queen being protected in a corner by a few of the palace guard, a young girl stepped before the queen and seated her with the most bitter imprecations.

"How I ever," inquired the queen, calmly, "have I done wrong?"

"No," replied the girl, "not me personally, but you are the cause of the misery of the nation."

"If I have been told so, and you are deceived," answered the queen, "... As the wife of the King of France, and mother of the dauphin, I am in Athens; and I cannot cease to be my own country again. I can be happy only in France. There is the object of my love and me."

The impulsive girl burst into tears, and said: "I do not hate you, madame; indeed I do not know you. I see that you are good."

The mob, meanwhile, had now succeeded in clearing the palace, and the king and queen, who had been separated, were once more with each other. The mob had placed the red cap of liberty upon the head of the king, and the confusion he had forgotten to remove. Perceiving that the queen was about to receive a glass of stones flashed his fire, and sinking into a chair, he placed the glass of wine to his lips and handkerchief, and then turning a saddened look upon the queen, said:

"Ah, Madame, why did I take you from your native country, to expose you with the ignominy of such a day as this?"

Days of revolution and turmoil passed slowly away, during which the royal family remained in the interior of the palace. The inmates of the Tuileries were kept in a state of constant alarm by a renewed attack, by night and by day.

Among the few friends who were Madame Campan, the companion of the queen, "I was awakened on the 10th of August by another night attack. On morning, about one o'clock, the queen came to my room, and ordered me to queen's chamber, and then a violent struggle took place between the soldiers and the guards. The queen grasped a man who was stealthily approaching the king, and exclaimed, in a commanding tone:

"The king to fear," said the queen, one day, "that they will bring the king to a trial. My king will answer for his actions, but not before our poor children? If they assassinate me so be it; but I will not survive the loss of an existence which is gained!"

Again, on the night of the 9th of August, the dismal sound of the tocsin was heard in the streets of Paris. A thousand drums beat the alarm throughout the city, and the fatal cannon of signal guns shook the city. News had arrived that the Swiss and the Marseillaise Guards of Prince and was on the march to crush the revolution. The king was the head of the court, and the aristocrats generally were assembled in the palace. The friends of the king hurried to the palace, announcing, with the fall of night, the approach of the assailant by the populace had come. The king, the queen, and the royal family, with the members of the royal family gathered in a room adjoining the council chamber, and were soon surrounded the field.

It was a lovely, autumnal night, and not a cloud obscured the stars. Several battalions of the National Guard, amounting to about five thousand men, surrounded the palace, and protected by twelve pieces of artillery. The queen, and the king walked arm in arm, and were followed by a chamber from which they stepped out upon the balcony which overlooked the vast square of the city. The cry and uproar of countless thousands were heard, and the lurid glare of burning edifices and avenues which led to the palace. The tramp of the advancing host was audible, the blaze of bonfires and the gleam of torches added to the scene a fearful sublimity. Startled by the spectacle, the two princesses for some time remained silent, and the bright light of the beheld the silence. Pointing to the queen, she said:

"Before that moon retires again, either the king will be dead, or the queen a prisoner, or I shall be no more. But let us descend to the garden."

All the passions of her soul were aroused. Her eye flashed, her peculiar glance at ever her flushed cheek. Her spirit was hardened strong only in patient endurance, stood in its own bewildered strength in the presence of the queen, with stately trend and eyes flashing fire, she replied to the suggestion of descending: "Presenting it to the king, said:

"Now, that is the time to show yourself a king."

But there was nothing in the soul of Louis XVI. to respond to this appeal. With imperturbable calmness he turned his pleasant countenance to the soldier. The friends of the Court decided that the king and queen should repair to the Place du Carrousel, in the right of the palace, in order that the king, by showing himself their presence would rouse the soldiers to engage in the conflict. The appearance of the king, fat, waddling, and unwieldy, was not only contempt. But the majestic aspect and presence of the queen, her beauty, and wrath compelled the admiration even of her foes. Her self-control was so complete that she stood with almost superhuman beauty. As, with her husband, she returned to the palace, she exclaimed, despairingly:

"All is lost. The king has shown no energy. A review like this has done us more harm than good."

This despondent she ascended the stairs to the saloon of the palace. There she was surrounded by his friends, passed through the hall and entered the gallery of the Tuileries, where several regiments of the royal troops were stationed. Through some mistake of Colonel Blair, and of his brother, the Postmaster-General, that General Fremont was appointed to be prompted by a high honorable station, and it is never becoming in an official to turn his back on those tried friends who elevated him to power. Colonel Blair has done too much for the Union cause in Missouri to be ill-treated by any man—no matter what may be his position—who has the good of the country at heart. We are sorry, therefore, both for General Fremont's sake, and the sake of the country, that he should have made this mistake.

MODERATION is the silken string running through the pearl chain of all virtues.

The National Assembly was then in session in the hall necessary of the Feuillants, since torn down, but within then stood on the western side of the garden where the Rue de Rivoli now runs. It was the popular Congress which had overthrown the old Bourbon despotism, and established the constitutional monarchy of France. To the noble body, was to the queen to drink the last dregs of degradation.

"Go to the Assembly?" she exclaimed; "never, never will I take refuge there. Rather than submit to such infamy, I would prefer to be nailed to the walls of the palace!"

"It is there only," M. Roederer replied, "that the royal family can be in safety. And it is necessary to escape immediately. In another quarter of an hour we may not be able to answer for our retreat."

"What?" exclaimed the queen, sagely; "have we no defenders? are we alone?"

"Yes, Madame," M. Roederer replied, "we are alone. The troops are fraternizing with the mob, and turning their guns against the palace."

Another gentleman present, who had acknowledged the popular cause, "and who had entered the palace to secure the safety of the royal family and to protect his relics, urged the necessity of seeking an immediate retreat. The queen turned from him, and said:

"Silence, sir! It becomes you to be silent here. When the mischief is done, those who did it should feel no pain to run away."

"Madame," said M. Roederer, firmly, "it is the moment, and the only moment, to think of your husband and your children. Think of the responsibility which you take upon yourself."

The king now raised his eyes, and, with a stare of anguish, said: "Let us go."

The council of affairs was immediately called in, and the melancholy group left the palace. As they passed through the hall of the Feuillants, the king sunned himself in kicking the lower benches violently covered the ground. The energy and persistency with which the queen had maintained her self-control, however, rendered her excessively unpopular. As the royal party ascended the door at the entrance the queen was recognized by the group standing there, and was assailed with the most malicious taunts. "Behold the Austrian woman," fell stunningly upon her ears. The last accompanying guard forced their way along, and the royal family, with the monitary refuge in the Hall of the Assembly. To be continued in our next.

FASHIONABLE FALL COMPLAINTS.

Regular as the close of the summer, the scarlet and yellow fevers make their appearance in New York, and, curious to say, attack principally those who have had the care to be the first parts affected, although in many cases the disease is confined to the shoulders, and extends within a few inches of the feet. Occasionally a case is reported within a week or a streak about his throat, just below the shirt collar, terminating in a very lordly nose. But with foolish women to this cruel epidemic. Many ladies, too, toddle about with little masts upon their persons, and exhibit a very emphatic case, the fresh air does not seem to affect them, and the cause of this disease, which is a hallucination for the advice of some milliner or mantua-maker instead of a doctor. Let the patient, instead of taking to his bed, take to the looking-glass, and he will immediately recognize all the more because of his yellowness or redness, and consequently letting the gaze of the bystanders, as he moves along. This epidemic is not confined to the fair sex, for particularly hoolity or to any one class of persons—Fifth Avenue dandies as well as Five Points loafers are seized. We recommend as a novel topic for literary conversation, a treatise on fashionable complaints, this annual Gotham epidemic seemed to be the prudential, to suit efficient observers.

FANNY FERN.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

It has always been our impression that rogues should be left to the tender mercies of their fellow-rascals, and that honest men should not waste their sympathies on the rogues. Why, then, should their digits constantly attract our attention? Why should they be constantly in our sight? Why should they be constantly in our sight? Why should they be constantly in our sight

MISSED.

BY EMMA ALICE BROWNE.

In the west the sullen sunset
Lights the dusky hills—and sighs
Flying gleams of wild October
Flying the cold with sudden dyes—
Wandering dyes that clothing hidden
Some old penknark of the wood,
Like red lines of new-dipped—
Thrilled from bare to feel with God!

Like a battle-field the splendor
Binds with burning flecks and flowers,
And the bush is only broken
By the hostile of the leaves
By their foothold' mellow moist.
Where they hurry their watch sublime;
On the crackling walls of ages,
And the heavy towers of time!

And the river's silver voices
Murmur on the marsh below,
To the reeds among the shallows
Where the cold ripe flags fold and flow—
We can hear the plaintive burden
Of their outstanding song,
When the days are still and lonely,
And the nights are sad and long!

When the fettered winds scarce stir the
Drying gusties of the grass,
And the shadows seem to weave
Into moonlight as they pass;
For a still glory lingers
Round the dying day's decline
Echoes of the flutes and fragrance,
Of the scenery and mirth,

Lustrous, colors through the purples
Of the deepening year's fade
On the now-made grave of Summer,
Where the dead leaves rustle—wails!
And an inconsolable and mournful
In my soul a sadness lies,
Memories of a song now stilled,
And the sunlight of lost eyes!

Out of from the burial quiescence
Of the years that still remain,
We might call with mournful yearning
For the sweetness only since at last!
But I mark the dead are quiet.
Wherefore weep over such as cant?
Only for the fulsome living
Should we bow us sobbing breast!

Sacrament! let them slumber—
They are done with time and change,
With the surge of pain and sorrow,
With the love that can estrange!
Mourner! not above them
Should such wailing hymn arise,
They whose happy souls have blossomed
By the streams of Paradise!

EUDORA;

OR,

THE FALSE PRINCESS.

BY MRS. SOUTHWORTH,

AUTHOR OF "THE DISCARDED DAUGHTER," "THE MYSTERY OF METTLA," "ROSE ELMER," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Condemned to death—Oh! dread
The thoughts of coming suffering—there
Is nothing else in all the world
Unmeaning—it is terrible!
They were ordained to see her die.
Be patient, Lord, and pardon them!
MICHAEL.

Malcolm Montrose, nearly maddened by despair, threw himself into a carriage, and drove swiftly after the train in which Eudora was taken back to gaol.

He met all the prison entrance by the warden, of whom he urgently demanded:

"Where is she? How is she? Has she recovered her consciousness? Oh, Anderson! let me go in for at once!"

"Mr. Montrose, I am very sorry for you, and my heart bleeds for her; but I cannot let you go, and tell you that you cannot see her," said the warden, sorrowfully.

"Why, how is this?" groaned Malcolm.

"Ah, sir! all is changed when a prisoner is condemned to death. The rules that govern us in taking care of them are very strict. From the moment sentence is passed they are cut off from the living, as our own way, and have no more to do with earth but to use the few days left to prepare for death!" said the warden, with a heavy sigh.

"Great Heaven! Anderson, do you mean to say that no friend may go in her to try to alleviate her sufferings through this horrible calamity?"

"Sir, the good chaplain will visit her. Two female turnkeys will attend to wait her; and by applying to the sheriff, you may obtain an order to see her, one may see, and have no more to do with earth but to use the few days left to prepare for death!" said the warden, with a heavy sigh.

"Great Heaven! Anderson, do you mean to say that no friend may go in her to try to alleviate her sufferings through this horrible calamity?"

"Sir, the good chaplain will visit her. Two female turnkeys will attend to wait her; and by applying to the sheriff, you may obtain an order to see her, though you may only be in the presence of others."

"Oh, Eudora! Eudora! but it come to this! Oh, God! what a world of chaos and horror is this, in which the innocent are accused and the guilty are triumphant?" cried Malcolm, distractedly.

"But there is another world, Mr. Montrose, in which the ways of God shall be justified to man," said the warden, solemnly.

"Aye, there is another! and think God that this life which leads to it is short! A few more years of this mystery of iniquity—this whirling confusion in which truth is lost and good trampled to dust by evil, and each sinner's or sufferer's share in the modern of life will be over forever! Would to God it were over with that poor, sweet victim even now! Oh, would that she might never have waked again to consciousness of suffering here!" exclaimed Malcolm, with impassioned earnestness.

"Mr. Montrose, you are dreadfully agitated. Pray come into my apartment and sit down, and try to compose yourself, while I go to the cell and to see how she is doing and bring you word," advised the warden, opening a side door, and admitting his visitor into the office.

Malcolm paced up and down the floor with disordered steps until the return of the warden from his errand.

"Well, sir, how is she?" he hurriedly inquired, as Mr. Anderson entered.

"Lying still in a deep swoon," replied the warden.

"Thank Heaven! every hour of that swoon is a respite from anguish! Oh, that while she is in it her spirit may pass peacefully away to heaven! Who is with her?"

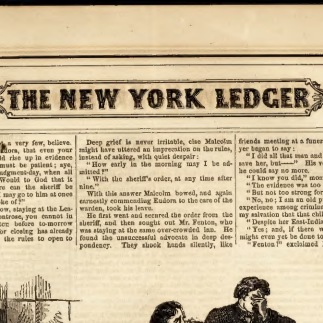
"Mrs. Barton and my wife. They are doing all that they possibly can for her relief, and believe me, Mr. Montrose, every care and comfort shall be given her that her unhappy condition and our painful duty will permit. I would do as much, sir, for the poorest and most friendless stranger that could be committed to my charge, as to my nothing of the daughter of the noblest man I ever saw and the best friend I ever had," said the warden, earnestly.

"I am sure you would. And——I hope you do not believe her guilty?"

The warden winced. Since the disclosures of the trial his faith in the innocence of Eudora was much shaken. He would gladly have evaded the inquiry, but as the looks of Malcolm were still eagerly questioning him, he was obliged to answer:

"I do not know what to believe, sir. As the daughter of her father, I should say she could not be, sir; but then her mother was an Earl-lolian, and so one knows what venom might have mixed with the good old Lesion blood in creating it with that breed."

"This is enough! You cannot help believing



FATAL TIDINGS.

what all the world, except me, says a very few, believe. Oh, Heaven! my poor Eudora, that even your dead mother's race should rise up in evidence against you! But we must be patient; aye, patient until the very judgment-day, when all shall be made clear! Would to God that it were to-morrow! Where can the sheriff be found this evening, that I may go to him at once to get that order you spoke of?"

"He is in the village now, staying at the Lesion Arms. But, Mr. Montrose, you cannot in any case see Miss Lesion before to-morrow morning, for the hour for closing has already arrived, and it is against the rules to open to anyone."

Deep grief is never irritable, else Malcolm might have uttered an imprecation on the rules, instead of asking, with quiet despair:

"Then, Anderson, is nothing—can I be admitted?"

"With the sheriff's order, at any time after nine."

With this answer Malcolm bowed, and again earnestly commending Eudora to the care of the warden, took his leave.

He first went and scanned the order from the sheriff, and then sought out Mr. Fenton, who was staying at the same over-crowded inn. He found the unsuccessful lawyer in deep despondency. They shook hands silently, like friends meeting at a funeral, and then the lawyer began to say:

"I did all that man and the law could do to save her, but——" His voice broke down and he could say no more.

"I know you did," mourned Malcolm.

"The evidence was too strong for us——"

"But not too strong for your faith in her."

"No, no; I am an old practitioner with a long experience among criminals, and I could swear to my salvation that that child is not guilty——"

"Despite the Esst-Indian blood?"

"Yes; and, if there were time, something might even yet be done to save her——"

"Fenton!" exclaimed Malcolm, starting forward and seizing with breathless eagerness in the lawyer's face.

"I mean, though the detectives we have industriously employed have failed to discover the least clue to this hideous mystery, yet if there were more time, we might engage others who might be more successful."

"More time! Oh, God! Where is the day of her——martyrdom ordered?"

"This day fortnight, I understand."

Malcolm recoiled and sank into his seat. There was silence between them for a few minutes, and then Malcolm suddenly exclaimed:

"Fenton, I know it is a desperate chance, but I will try it! I will try it! I will make a desperate effort. Draw up a petition for a respite, and after I have seen Eudora, and I will myself take it up to town, and lay it before the Home Secretary."

"I will do so, and will get as many signatures as I can in the meantime," replied the lawyer, feeling a sense of relief at the thought of doing anything, however apparently, for his unhappy client; and knowing besides, that it did Eudora no good, it might help to console Malcolm with the thought that nothing had been left unattempted to save her.

They talked over the terms of the petition, and then Malcolm, leaving the lawyer to carry the documents into effect, took departure.

Loathing the thought of rest while Eudora lay in the condemned cell, he took the steps towards the prison, and spent the night in walking up and down before the wall that enclosed the unhappy girl.

Meanwhile Eudora lay extended on the iron bed of the condemned cell. She was still in a deep swoon, but the form was rigid, and the face livid, her pulse still.

Mrs. Anderson, while conscientiously doing all they could to restore her sensibility, silently thanked God for the unconsciousness of suffering, but that her soul might pass in that insensibility. During the long hours, her spirit must have wandered far back over leagues of time to the happy days of her childhood, to those of her birth, and the days of her childhood, for when sat down of morning she found Eudora still stretched around her with eyes full of the innocent, soft light of girlhood, modified only by a slight perplexity.

"What place is this? Where am I?" those were the first words that fell from her lips, as she set on her elbow to examine the cell.

The warders were absent from even and play; but the narrow stone walls, the iron door, the grated window, strongly though mutely answered the questioning gaze.

And as the child slowly grew upon her memory, her face changed from its look of girlish curiosity to one of deep and anguish, and with a piercing cry, she fell back upon the pillow, and covered her eyes with her hands.

The kind woman that filled to her the double office of matron and chaplain, removed the hands from her face, and began to address her with words of sympathy and comfort, when she was had power to reach her heart, snatched for them from ordinary human comprehension as she was by her great woe!

She never answered, or even seemed to look at her visitor, the first sharp cry that marked her recurring consciousness, she lay in silent anguish.

And so the hours drew slowly and wearily on until the visiting gentlemen glanced into the cell. Then the two weary watchers were relieved by Mrs. Burton, who came in and sent them to take some rest, while she herself remained to put the cell in order, and assist the nearly dying girl to get on her clothes.

"Come, my poor dear, it is better for you to try to rouse yourself a little. Why, my good lady your face in this nice cool water, and then dress yourself in your own fresh clothes, which I have an order from the sheriff to come and see you, they will, and you speak to your friends for them," said Mrs. Burton, as she poured the water into the basin, and laid the bowl of Eudora to assist her to rise.

In acute despair the poor girl suffered herself to be led blindly she followed all Mrs. Burton's directions.

"Come, come, don't give up so; while there's life there's hope; and I myself have known more nor one pieces pardoned or commuted after they've been condemned to death," continued the good woman, trying to comfort the prisoner while assisting at her toilet.

But the shuddering young creature seemed incapable of reply.

"Oh, dear, dear! what can I say to you? Can't you still trust in God?" sighed the woman.

No, Eudora could not. Innocent, yet condemned, she felt her faith in God and man utterly fail; and lacking this support in her hour of desolation, she sank beneath her weight of affliction; and as soon as she was dressed and out of the hands of Mrs. Burton, she fell again upon the bed, and buried her head in the pillow.

Then the woman brought by another turnkey, and Mrs. Burton took it from his hand and set it on the little table, while she entreated the prisoner to rise up and try to partake of it. And Eudora, in the perfect docility of her spirit, sat up on the side of the bed, and took the cup of coffee in her hand, and attempted to drink it, but in vain; and then, with a depressing look, she handed the cup back to Mrs. Burton, and sank down upon the bed. The good woman saw that she could not swallow, and so she sent the unfinished breakfast away.

A few minutes after this, Malcolm Montrose, attended by the governor of the gaol, came to the cell. Mr. Anderson left him at the door, and entered to a short distance in the lobby.

Malcolm had forced himself into a state of composure, and outright but the deadly paleness of his face betrayed his inward anguish.

When he found the cell locked, was still lying on the outside of the bed, with her face buried in the pillow. The good woman was busy at her side.

"Here is one!" breathed the visitor, in the hushed tones of deep woe.

Yet, sir, she has not uttered one word, or swallowed one morsel since her conviction. Speak to her, sir; perhaps she will answer you," said Mrs. Burton.

"Do you speak to her; tell her that I am here," responded Malcolm, in the faltering voice, as he struggled to retain an outward composure. Deep sympathy bent over the sufferer, and whispered:

"Miss Lesion, dear, here is your cousin, Mr. Montrose, come to see you. Won't you turn and look at him?"

The name of Malcolm broke the spell of dumb stupefaction that had fallen upon her, she raised the hands of her cousin in both her own, and clasping in her agony of supplication, she cried to the excitement:

"Oh, Malcolm, save me from this fate! No one will save me unless you do!"

He dropped upon his knees beside the bed, and bowed his head upon her clinging hands, and could only groan in his anguish.

"Eudora, all that man can do shall be done to save you. I would pour out my heart's best blood to deliver you."

"Malcolm," she exclaimed, still clinging to his hands and gazing in his bowed face, with her eyes dilated and blazing between the fingers of her hand hope, "Malcolm, I did not do what they say I must die for! you know I did not! Oh, surely there must be some way to prove innocent! Why you could not, I could not, I could try—try hard to save me from this fate! Oh, I do not think I am a coward, Malcolm! I do not dash I fear. I should not dread dying in any but what seems to me a cruel, cruel one, or I swear Agatha died! But to be hung! to die a felon's death, strangling, shameful death, with all people looking at me!—oh! for Heaven's sake, Malcolm, is there no such mitigation from that?"

Eudora! child! love! It is not necessary for you to urge me so earnestly. I would give my body to be burned if that would save you! and that human power can accomplish shall be tried to deliver you. I have not been idle since our conviction. Already I have sat on foot a scheme by which I hope to serve you!" replied Malcolm.

"Oh, Malcolm, dearest friend, before you came in I heard that you had been abroad, and but now I do not think so. Your plan, dear friend, is it not?"

Mr. Montrose had not intended to tell her of his plan, lest it should fail and only prove to her false hopes; but it was not possible to behold the pleading terror of poor Eudora, and to bear her earnest appeals for comfort and deliverance, without hesitating and responding and yielding her hope.

"I have a petition drawn up, praying the Crown to respite you during her Majesty's pleasure; I shall take the petition to London and lay it before the Home Secretary. If he favors it, as I hope, and trust, and believe he will, it will give us time to investigate this dark mystery, discover the criminal, and deliver you."

"Oh, Malcolm, do you think he will?" cried Eudora, with clasped hands.

"I shall know, dearest, in twenty-four hours. I shall take the first train to London, that starts at ten o'clock. I came here to see you before setting out, and to implore you to trust in God, to pray to Him, and to keep up your spirits until I return."

"Will you be gone long?" asked Eudora, still clinging to his hands.

"Two or three days, perhaps; but I will write to you by every mail, and telegraph you the moment I get a favorable answer."

"Oh, my God spared your errand!" she exclaimed, fervently clasping her hands.

"Amen. And now, dear one, I have but twenty minutes to catch the train. Eudora, in leaving you for a short time, I would not commend you to see the chaplain of the prison. He is a really righteous man, and his ex-vention will do you good."

"I will see him, if only to please you," she said.

"And, now, dear one, good-bye for the present, and may the father of the fatherless, and the God of the innocent, watch over you!" said Malcolm, lifting her hands to his lips with reverential tenderness before leaving the cell.

Half an hour later Malcolm, with the petition in his pocket, was stemming onward in the express train for London.

It was soon known throughout the town that Mr. Montrose had gone to the city with a memorial to the Crown for a respite or commutation of Eudora Lesion's sentence; but not even imagination that discovered the subject believed for an instant that his desperate enterprise could possibly be successful.

The excitement of the goal was the Reverend William Goodsill, a grave, gentle, sympathetic young man, who greatly feared that the punishment was really guilty, and earnestly desired to bring her into a state of hopeful penitence.

With this view, early in the afternoon, he visited Eudora in her cell, and sought to open the argument to counteract the effect of that false hope which Malcolm had left behind him, and which he firmly believed was the only thing that could prevent the unhappy girl from confession.

But to all his exhortations the unhappy girl responded:

"Oh, Malcolm, save me from this fate! No one will save me unless you do!"

The clergyman left the cell, inside the bed, and bowed his head upon her clinging hands, and could only groan in his anguish.

"Eudora, all that man can do shall be done to save you. I would pour out my heart's best blood to deliver you."

"Malcolm," she exclaimed, still clinging to his hands and gazing down on his bowed face, with her eyes dilated and blazing between the fingers of her hand hope, "Malcolm, I did not do what they say I must die for! you know I did not! Oh, surely there must be some way to prove innocent! Why you could not, I could not, I could try—try hard to save me from this fate! Oh, I do not think I am a coward, Malcolm! I do not dash I fear. I should not dread dying in any but what seems to me a cruel, cruel one, or I swear Agatha died! But to be hung! to die a felon's death, strangling, shameful death, with all people looking at me!—oh! for Heaven's sake, Malcolm, is there no such mitigation from that?"

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"I shall know, dearest, in twenty-four hours. I shall take the first train to London, that starts at ten o'clock. I came here to see you before setting out, and to implore you to trust in God,

Eudora clung to her little hope as the young cling to life. She had relied in the only vital secret that quivered in her bosom. Yet it would be exercise true to say that she was the happier for it.

The days of Malcolm's absence were passed by her in a high fever of suspense. By every mail she received letters from him assuring her of his undying devotion and zealous efforts in her behalf, and entreating her still to pray and to trust.

The chaplain also kept his word, and visited her frequently, still exhorting her, with tearful eloquence, to bring all expectations of earthly life, and to turn her thoughts towards heaven. But still Eudora clung to her little hope and trusted to her hopes of deliverance.

"If you think that I am sinking fast in this stormy sea of trouble that threatens to overwhelm me, and you ask me to let go the slender plank that keeps me up, and to resign myself to death—but I will not! I will cling to this plank of life! I will not let it go! I will grasp it—I will possess it—it shall save me!" was still Eudora's answer to all the young minister's fervent exhortations.

"Ah, well! I see it is in vain to reason with you in your present mood of mind. You still instantly begin against hope. But when Mr. Montrose returns without the respite you expect, and you find that your faith in his world is sealed, when death stares you in the face, you will listen to my counsels, *distinctly* your to-som of its guilty secrets, and give your soul to repentance." was ever the minister's final reply when he concluded each visit.

Alas! these interviews were productive of little satisfaction to either party.

Eudora could derive no comfort from the conversation of even a good minister, who founded all his exhortations upon the mistaken theory of her guilt; and Mr. Goodsill almost despaired of benefiting one whom he considered an obdurate sinner, wilfully refusing to confess and repent.

But as the weary days passed, Eudora felt more keenly the protracted anguish of suspense, and the increasing difficulty of believe that the little hope that sustained her; for, although Malcolm continued to write to her by every mail, and in every letter endeavored to keep up her courage, yet he gave her no definite information. His stay was protracted from day to day, as hopes that were engaged in procuring an almost desperate enterprise which he was resolved to accomplish.

CHAPTER XXIV.

She looked her pallid thirst!
An anxious, eager, sighing now;
The quiet anguish of her brow
Was gone, and in its place
A face that was a passionate bread,
Repeating the whole in plaintive prayer.
The wasted soul and weary heart.
MICHAEL.

When Malcolm had been gone a week, and Eudora's life was drawing near to the fatal day, drawn anguish of hope deferred, she was sitting in the corner of her cell, in the midst of dreggling once more into the death-like torpor of despair, when the door was opened by the governor, who announced:

"A friend to see Miss Lesion," and retired.

Eudora sprang forward, expecting to meet Malcolm Montrose, but was disappointed confronted with a stranger—a very young, slight, female figure, dressed in simple and elegant mourning, and deeply veiled; and even when the stranger threw aside the veil Eudora failed to recognize in this elegantly-dressed young lady Agatha Walter, the plain and unadorned daughter, whom she had befriended in the poor London lodgings.

"You do not know me, Miss Miller—I mean Miss Lesion—and I—I!" began Amelia, but with her usual self-command, she paused for a time, and threw herself in the arms of Eudora, who, overcome by surprise, scarcely knew where she let her child, and would have drawn the girl to her bosom, but Amelia sank on her knees, and dropped her head on Eudora's lap, sobbing violently.

Miss Lesion could not understand this extraordinary scene. She remembered Amelia's unfortunate barrack education, her utter destitution and friendlessness, and her flight with Ellen from London; and seeing now the costliness of her dress, and the splendor of the room of the change in her circumstances, the mind of Eudora was bewildered, and she could form for nothing.

If she should find that this young, friendless, and unfortunate girl was the cause of her grief, Eudora resolved to befriend her as far as possible by interesting the noble-hearted Malcolm in her behalf, and had been raised in her breast, and which he firmly believed was the only thing that could prevent the unhappy girl from confession.

But to all his exhortations the unhappy girl responded:

"Oh, this one little hope is the only vital nerve that quivers in my bosom; kill it, and you kill me! Oh, save me, save me, Malcolm, save me!" Oh, Mr. Goodsill, leave me this little hope!"

"But, my poor child," said the young minister, pausing in the deepest compassion upon the utmost infantile face of the girl, "it is false, delusive expectation, that is keeping you in a state of everlasting destruction of soul as well as body, by keeping you from that close communion with your Saviour in which alone comes of salvation."

But it does not, Mr. Goodsill. I have nothing to confess or repent; at least, nothing but my common share in erring human nature; and for redemption from that I have been taught to look to God's mercy through our Saviour."

The young minister groaned in spirit as he replied:

"But, poor, blind child, while you keep a guilty secret in your breast, that mercy cannot reach you; and while a single hope of life is left you, you will not give up that secret. Abandon all such delusive hopes, Eudora; confess your guilt, and cherish those leaving hopes of pardon and redemption that never yet deceived a penitent sinner."

"It is useless for us to talk longer, I fear; we speak only at cross-purposes. You believe me guilty, and urge me to abandon all the expectations of mercy in this world, and to confess my crime, I never committed; while I know that I am innocent, and upon that knowledge build my hopes of pardon and deliverance. I am sorry that we cannot agree; for I do need religious consolation and support, but it must be administered by one who is a sufficiently charitable Christian to be receptive of the truth when I speak it," said Eudora, with gentle dignity.

The young minister drove his fingers through his thick hair, and gazed upon her face long and deep frown, not of anger, but of intense perplexity on the clear, unflinching gaze of her eyes, the calm, unwavering tones of her voice, and the keen and powerful aura of truth that seemed to emanate from her whole presence shook his convictions of her guilt. He felt the necessity of withdrawing from the distracting influence in order to examine his own conscience.

Rising, he took her hand, and said:

"My poor child, I will leave you for the present; but I shall not cease to lend you upon my heart to the Throne of Grace, and I will come to you again in the evening."

And then he left the cell.

bound hair; for all this time Annella's head lay to the lap of the prisoner.

"Yes, you, I have; conscience is the true judge, and it assures me that ignorance is no excuse; and thus instinct should have taught me silence. I came here to confess this to you, Miss Lenkow; to let you know how wicked I have been; but not to ask you to pardon me. I do not want you to do that; I do not wish even the Lord to do it—I would much rather be punished," exclaimed Annella, hysterically.

"Dear girl, do not talk so wildly. You have done nothing to require pardon. If you were unconscious of the means of my arrest it was not your fault."

"But if you should perish, I should feel as if I were your murderer. But you shall not perish! I hear that Mr. Morrison is in London, petitioning the Crown for a respite. I hope he will succeed; but even if he should not, Sunday, Miss Lenkow, you shall not perish! I swear it before Him in Heaven!" exclaimed Annella, wiping her eyes, and looking up.

"You must believe me innocent, or you would never speak with such confidence."

"Believe! I know you are; and if everyone else fails, I will save you—I will, if I die for it! I pledge my soul's salvation to that!"

Miss Lenkow shook, took at these thick walls and heavy bolts; how could you help me?"

"I do not know yet how, but I do know that I will somehow!—so the Lord bears me, I will!"

"I take the desperate oath on the dead, and thank you as much as if you were able to keep it; very much; and above all, I forgive you that you do me the justice to believe me guiltless. Ah, dear girl, I have been so tormented by the anguish of this prison, who thinks me guilty, and urges me to confess. It is so distressing to be thought such a monster by so good a man."

"Good, is he, and yet he condemns you guilty? Then he does not know a white dove from a black crow, which is tantamount to saying that his reverence is a fool, begging his pardon. But indeed most of the good people I know are fools. It seems as if nature were so ingrateful in the distribution of her gifts, that the wisest man endows the same individual with both wisdom and goodness in the same line. There's my three grannies, I mean the male granny and the two female grannies, all with such good hearts, but hi! what wooden heads. Anybody can whirl their minds round and round as the wind does the weathercocks. Let you and I think for yourself. At the trial, when the prosecuting attorney opened what appeared you, he carried them along with himself until they believed you to be a perfect demon of iniquity. Even when your counsel was defending you, he crucified them along with himself, until they believed you to be a persecuted cherub. Then, when the judge summed up the case, they were equally drawn by opposite opinions, and could not make up their minds whether you were an angel or a devil. Finally, when the jury brought in their verdict, they confidently predicted that you were the latter, and so went home happy to supper and bed. Lo! and we are requested always to respect our elders!"

"Certainly, dear Annella," said Barton, gravely.

"Wish they were always respectable, then," Annella, you shock me, dear; old age must be reverenced."

"Could help it. I haven't got a particle of reverence in my composition; it is all owing to my having brought up, I suppose."

"I suppose is a, pose girl; but, Annella, you seem to have found freedom."

"Reckon I have; three grannies, I told you."

"Where?"

"I'll tell you. As I was trying to make out Allworthy, when all of a sudden I felt one of the cold servant, Indelicior, halfwake, who caught me transacting on private grounds, and hauled me up before his master, like a vagrant before a magistrate; and when I told my story, who does the old goat turn up to be but my own granny, who was living in the same house with Anchorage, with two other old ladies, also my grannies."

"The Anchorage; then you must speak of Sir Ira Brunton and his family?" said Eudora, in astonishment.

"Just. He quarrelled with my mother and father, and cast them off, but he took me to him when he found me dragged over his threshold. Shall I tell you all the particulars? Would I interest you?"

"Very much, indeed," said Eudora, forgetting for the moment her own awful situation in her interest in Annella's history.

The girl began and related her adventures as they are already known to the reader.

The narrative won the prisoner from the contemplation of her own sorrows, and at its close she put out her hand and took that of Annella, saying:

"I am very glad for your sake, dear!"

"But I am sad," exclaimed Annella, recurring to her sense of grief and remorse. "I had no other motive in London, and none at all when I came to Eudora—the mine, a vulgar unfeminine, beggary, anything, rather than have come down to bearing you. But I did not come to Eudora, oh, indeed I did not! I would have died rather than have injured you or Ned; and I did not even suspect your identity until I recognized you in the entrance, and even then I did not know that I had had any hand in your arrest until I found myself in Bridewell, and Tailor Tube, the lady's-maid, told me it was all my doings. Then it was from my own lips that I gained the clue to your hiding-place; and oh, Eudora, I felt that I had sinned, like the cockand I felt as if I had been knocked down with a sledge, and I have been ill ever since. If I had been well, do you think I would have stayed away from you so long?"

"No, dear Annella; but I wonder you got such a story to tell."

"I believe you; it was very difficult. First I asked Indelicior if he knew Eudora, but he refused, and blowed me up in the brigade; then I wandered my opportunity and got on my bonnet, and walked straight here, and my governor was forced to admit me without an order from the Home Office. I went and found you out, you see, and asked him if he would give me an order to see you, and he turned me out. So I'll be would have bit my head off for asking him, and then I went to his private chaplain, and told him what a kind friend you had been to me, and what a traitor Eudora been to you, how broken your heart was, and I cried, and begged and prayed him to get an order for me, and he went off from the sheriff and gave it to me, and so here I am. But I did not come for nothing, Eudora. I said you should not perish, and you shall not, as Heaven hears me!" added Annella, in a low whisper, as she glanced jealously over her shoulder at Mrs. Barton, who was squeezing herself tightly into the farthest corner of the little cell, to be as far off as her office would permit.

"What is that woman waiting here for? It is very rude. Why does she not go away and leave us together?" inquired Annella, in a whisper.

"Dear, it is her duty to remain. I am not permitted to be left alone for an instant."

"Well, I suppose that is meant kindly, as you are in such deep trouble; but you are not alone now; I am with you, so she can go. Tell her to go."

"Dear, you mistake; it is not in kindness, but for security, that I am guarded in this way, and Mrs. Barton does not leave me, even at my request."

"But I wish to talk to you privately; I don't want her to hear every word we say," exclaimed Annella, in a vexed tone of voice.

"But no one can be allowed to talk to me so; and she is here for the very purpose of hearing all that we have to say," replied Eudora, mournfully.

"But that is very hard."

"It is the prison regulation; and as it is a wise precaution, used in all cases such as mine, I cannot complain of it."

"I suppose it is much."

"Because, Annella, if the friends of the condemned were allowed to visit them in private, they might bring them the means of escape."

"Oh, I see! Annella thinks very well, and gave an hysterical sob.

"Or," continued Eudora, "what is worse, they might bring them some instrument of self-destruction, for many a prisoner would prefer a sure death in the cell rather than meet the shame and anguish of—"

Her voice choked, and she shuddered through her whole frame.

"But, would you—would you, Eudora?" exclaimed Annella, in an agony.

"I should not dread death so much if I could meet it here in my bed—even here in prison, and alone, as I would rather be than be exposed to the insolent curiosity of the crowd; but I would never commit crime to escape suffering."

"Then you would prefer death as the wicked speak it or less as this?" whispered Annella, close to the ear of Eudora.

"Yes, every syllable. The sound alone wills me of the fearful temptation. Retard to enter every sound. She hears even this reply."

"I will not, then, dear girl. I don't care if she hears that."

"Annella, she is very good to me; you must not offend her, because she only does her duty."

"Curse her duty, miss; I've got something to talk about anything from any friend of yours; and if you don't send her out of the room, I'll give you me for stealing here-a-keeping guard over an heiress's property, and I'll be dismissed and despace myself, and I wonder you don't tell said Mrs. Barton, putting her apron to her eyes, as beginning to cry.

Annella whirled around and took a good look at the woman, and then whispered in Eudora's her head, she said:

"Send her out—pardon—I do indeed, sincerely. I ought not to have spoken as I did; but you see I am so wild and excited, and so glad, and when my heart bleeds, my tongue burns with the fever."

"No offense, miss, as I said afore; I only wanted you to know that you was not to speak to me," said Mrs. Barton, wiping her eyes and sighing.

Annella, who had been gazing at Mrs. Barton with a most comical expression of face, now turned to Eudora, and said, in a low, confidential, trembling limbs, and quick and gurgling breath, which betrayed her agitation:

"You called Miss Lenox innocent. You believe her to be so?"

"Yes, I do; and I would not believe otherwise if all the archbishops and all the bishops, priests, and deacons in the kingdom was to declare her guilty, and take the sacrament on it," said the woman, solemnly.

"And therefore you must see that it is very important that you escape, my sister," said Annella, eagerly.

"It's important; that's what it is."

"Hush! Hist!" continued Annella, bending her head close to hers to see her words be replace, would you not?"

"Yes, I would; though! Sure, I pray for her deliverances every night and morning on my knees, and always have done."

"And—you would help her to escape, if a way to do it was laid open to you by—by some one?" inquired Annella, in a low, breathless whisper.

"Eh?"

"If you could do it safely, without endangering yourself, you would connive at her escape, would you not?"

"Eh? What? I don't understand you; but I would do anything in the world I could for Miss Lenkow, even than without my telling her."

"Well, then, listen! But stop—what hours do you watch with her?"

"From six to twelve in the morning, and then from six to twelve at night."

"Very well. I will try to come again to-morrow morning while you have the watch, when I will tell you more. Now, remember, not a word to any one, and pretend to drop asleep while I change clothes with you, and let her whole attention be closely called in my place?"

"Eh? What? No, miss, I—"

"But why?"

"Because I don't—"

"Oh, you need not be afraid of consequences; your share in the affair will not be found out or suspected, but you could not be convicted, for no one on earth could suspect you, accessory to forgive, you didn't fall asleep; and even worse that could befall you would be the loss of your place, which I would engage to make up to you a hundred-fold."

"Dear, miss, miss; I am afeared of nothink but my conscience, and that is quite easy."

"But it would be a meritorious act, helping the unfortunate lady, and—pardon—I am sure—"

"So it would, miss, under some circumstances; but, you see, I am afeared that I am pledged myself to obey the laws, and to watch over the safe custody of the prisoner under my charge. And so I dare'n't break my word, or my duty, even for you, not even to please you, precious life, as it suits my heart to see her safe in her child Mrs. Barton, getting up and up to her farce, and beginning to cry again.

"I'll tell you to offer you five hundred pounds—a thousand pounds—"

"Not if so be as you were to offer me ten thousand pounds, I dare'n't do it!"

"Look at Eudora, then; if you won't let her escape, you must, at least, help her to escape."

Mrs. Barton dropped her apron, and turned her eyes with a most astonished expression on the side of her head, with her head bent forward, on Annella, who, in her turn, looked at her, astonished outward, and her hands clasped and arrested in their supplicating attitude, she replied:

"I can't look at her; it cleaves my heart in two, I do indeed, Mrs. Barton, yourself her free again.

"With a sudden impulse, Eudora started forward, and clasped the hand of her warder, exclaiming:

"Oh, listen to her! Listen to my friend! Give me leave to get away if I can; give me one little chance of life—not for me, dear; but she owes me to live; one short week, and then I am to die such a horrible death! Oh, pity me! let me go!"

"Oh, this is dreadful—dreadful! I would do anything in the world for you, poor child; but I dare'n't do this—I dar'n't betray my trust, replied Mrs. Barton, wildly weeping.

"Suppose I was your own child, you would let me go—you would risk your soul's salvation to free me; or, if I had a mother, she would move heaven and earth to save me—but I am motherless. Oh, pity me as if I were your child, and let me go!"

"I dar'n't; Lord help me, I dar'n't. And even if I did, poor dear, it wouldn't save you; you'd be known and tuk up again afore you got outside of the prison gates. Lord, you know you even got to the head o' the stairs o' this very ward; and then your own self would be worse off it is now."

"It could not be worse; and if the chance is ever so small, still it is one. Oh, give me this little, little chance of life! I do not deserve to die this horrible death."

"I'd rather die this minute myself than refuse you if I could; but I dar'n't. I know you wouldn't have me go gain my conscience?"

Without another word Eudora turned and sat down on the bed, dropped her clasped hands upon her knees, and looked at the wall, her head in an attitude and expression of blinded despair and resignation.

"How could you be so hard-hearted and cruel?" exclaimed Annella, in anger.

"I'm not so, miss; contrariwise, is o'most broke my heart to refuse her, but even as I must do my duty," sobbed Mrs. Barton, with her apron risen once more to her eyes.

"Oh, bother your duty," exclaimed Annella, with indignant vehemence. "That word is as good as a door to every scoundrel to me, for I do believe there is more sin committed in the name of duty than in any other. I have repented it this instigation of my devil in Pandemonium from Mr. Duty down, and not as old as the mortal sinner, but even I have noticed all my life, when anybody began to do anything very abominably wicked or diabolically open that Satan himself could not have devised, they always excused it on the score of duty. Duty, indeed! Duty is the last word I'll have to do with, and I don't care if she hears that."

"Indeed, she is very good to me; you must not offend her, because she only does her duty."

"Curse her duty, I say, and I repeat it! Duty takes about anything from any friend of yours; and when my heart bleeds, my tongue burns with the fever."

"No offense, miss, as I said afore; I only wanted you to know that you was not to speak to me," said Mrs. Barton, wiping her eyes and sighing.

Annella, who had been gazing at Mrs. Barton with a most comical expression of face, now turned to Eudora, and said, in a low, confidential, trembling limbs, and quick and gurgling breath, which betrayed her agitation:

"You called Miss Lenox innocent. You believe her to be so?"

"Yes, I do; and I would not believe otherwise if all the archbishops and all the bishops, priests, and deacons in the kingdom was to declare her guilty, and take the sacrament on it," said the woman, solemnly.

"And therefore you must see that it is very important that you escape, my sister," said Annella, eagerly.

"It's important; that's what it is."

"Hush! Hist!" continued Annella, bending her head close to hers to see her words be replace, would you not?"

"Yes, I would; though! Sure, I pray for her deliverances every night and morning on my knees, and always have done."

"And—you would help her to escape, if a way to do it was laid open to you by—by some one?" inquired Annella, in a low, breathless whisper.

"Eh?"

"If you could do it safely, without endangering yourself, you would connive at her escape, would you not?"

"Eh? What? I don't understand you; but I would do anything in the world I could for Miss Lenkow, even than without my telling her."

"Well, then, listen! But stop—what hours do you watch with her?"

"From six to twelve in the morning, and then from six to twelve at night."

"Very well. I will try to come again to-morrow morning while you have the watch, when I will tell you more. Now, remember, not a word to any one, and pretend to drop asleep while I change clothes with you, and let her whole attention be closely called in my place?"

"Eh? What? No, miss, I—"

"But why?"

"Because I dar'n't—"

"Oh, you need not be afraid of consequences; your share in the affair will not be found out or suspected, but you could not be convicted, for no one on earth could suspect you, accessory to forgive, you didn't fall asleep; and even worse that could befall you would be the loss of your place, which I would engage to make up to you a hundred-fold."

"Dear, miss, miss; I am afeared of nothink but my conscience, and that is quite easy."

"But it would be a meritorious act, helping the unfortunate lady, and—pardon—I am sure—"

"So it would, miss, under some circumstances; but, you see, I am afeared that I am pledged myself to obey the laws, and to watch over the safe custody of the prisoner under my charge. And so I dar'n't break my word, or my duty, even for you, not even to please you, precious life, as it suits my heart to see her safe in her child Mrs. Barton, getting up and up to her farce, and beginning to cry again.

"I'll tell you to offer you five hundred pounds—a thousand pounds—"

"Not if so be as you were to offer me ten thousand pounds, I dare'n't do it!"

"Look at Eudora, then; if you won't let her escape, you must, at least, help her to escape."

Mrs. Barton dropped her apron, and turned her eyes with a most astonished expression on the side of her head, with her head bent forward, on Annella, who, in her turn, looked at her, astonished outward, and her hands clasped and arrested in their supplicating attitude, she replied:

"I can't look at her; it cleaves my heart in two, I do indeed, Mrs. Barton, yourself her free again.

"With a sudden impulse, Eudora started forward, and clasped the hand of her warder, exclaiming:

"Oh, listen to her! Listen to my friend! Give me leave to get away if I can; give me one little chance of life—not for me, dear; but she owes me to live; one short week, and then I am to die such a horrible death! Oh, pity me! let me go!"

"Oh, this is dreadful—dreadful! I would do anything in the world for you, poor child; but I dare'n't do this—I dar'n't betray my trust, replied Mrs. Barton, wildly weeping.

"Suppose I was your own child, you would let me go—you would risk your soul's salvation to free me; or, if I had a mother, she would

MEMORY'S PICTURE.

BY PHEBE JOHNSON.

With solemn steps I often tread
The chambers of the past,
While memory points out to me
Those pictures mine must paint;
And as I on the pictures gaze,
While each fair life still waits,
Upon my weary artisan heart
A ray of gladness falls.

And as a clover belongs to view
The beauty of the sea,
So Memory from out her waves
Her treasures brings to me.

There is one picture pure and holy,
So free from worldly taint,
That words and language are too weak
Its letters to paint;
'Tis the picture of my mother,
Farther on she said not one.
The angels missed her from their band,
And so they called her home.
A golden lock is in her hand,
For there is to be no grave,
She is waiting now to welcome me
Within the gates of heaven.

SOWING AND REAPING.

BY J. F. SMITH,

AUTHOR OF "SIR ROWLAND," "ADONIJAH," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXIII.

(A secret.
Is like a wild bird pent within the hand,
Whose door we account upon its life to gain.
—Sir Henry.

A clashing box, conscious of the hours of coming testimony, and about to lay her first cry, could not have caused greater alarm of mind than Mrs. Page's maid-of-all-work. Her mistress had been in a state of excitement for a second such a thing, or something so like it that, in the limited sphere of her intelligence, it answered the purpose of one nearly as well—was the cause of a commotion almost equal. But her miseries ascribed it either to the postman or the knocker's boy; this time, however, she was wrong. Hannah's mysterious starts and desultor looks had no connection with the tenor of her mind.

The morning after Captain Riddle's visit to Mr. Harold, Mrs. Page had been summoned to the scene of the drowning-room, leaning on the bandle of a broom, in a fit of profound abstraction.

There is a limit to human patience. The morning in Hannah's case, however, had not been done at least an hour before. The culprit was no cooler of her mistress's appearance, but required the sound of her voice to rouse her. It was a fit of abstraction, and nothing else.

"Are the girl's wits wool-gathering?" exclaimed Mrs. Page, angrily.

Hannah started, gave a sort of giggle which, had her face been at the moment prepared, would have been pronounced hysterical, and replied, with a curtsey:

At dinner, things were worse; the fowl had been spoiled by the cook's inattention to the fire. Nothing less artistic than Mrs. Page's skill in tasting down the Reminiscent knife of the spoiled fowl with oyster sauce, and relieving them again by a violent contrast of pepper, could have made it presentable.

Tea passed off tolerably well, but at supper-time the storm-clouds were ready.

Affairs continued in this state for two days, and the mistress of the house pronounced herself at her wit's end. Fortunately, she had only to tell Mr. Harold her story in order to obtain having been removed to the duty at Islington, and his sympathy in addition to a promise of the day, returning in the evening to sleep—a promise to which Mrs. Page's peculiar household imperiously insisted upon.

The night before the Amazon was to sail was destined to prove an eventful one to several of the personages of our tale. Captain Riddle was to call for his forged notes on the Bank of London; Tom, to give a supper to the corks in the office at the Temple; and our hero to assist him in doing the honors on the occasion.

As it is probable it would not be before they separated, Clara would have to return home alone—an arrangement to which she very unwillingly objected to.

"And really scolded," replied Harold, when he heard it; "Mrs. Page and Harry, I am certain, will be happy to escort you home."

The suggestion appeared a satisfactory one, and the young man called at Furnival's early in the morning to make the request, which was at once granted.

"Has the person Hannah described called again?" inquired our hero, anxious to avoid overhearing, a vague consciousness of impending disclosure, dogging at his heart-strings.

"No one has called," replied the mistress of the house, whose mind was more impressed with the importance of her servant's trivial negligence of household duties, than curiously to ascertain the cause—but then she had known her character.

"The girl is mad—love has turned her brain! Harry, you have seen her lover—Hannah's boys in the world, my maids-of-all-work—call her would be a better name—indeed. Tell me, can imagine the trouble I have with her."

"Think, dear, that you will not have to bear it much longer," said Harold, with a sigh.

"Then I am very well; the first floor would have ten's by that time.

Harry, who had been seen Tebbin for three days, expressed himself delighted at the arrangement; he had snatched himself from the jaws of death, and, with the rapacity of a shark, he was ready to swallow another victim.

Among his friend Tom and events together, Harold Hannell descended to pass a few minutes in the picture shop with Blunes.

Blunes was the beauty of the fair Italian became it in with a sunny smile, bright as one of her own Italian skies. Her heart had no secret. Her love thought he had never seen her look so beautiful. The blushing radiance in Regina's face, from the passions and struggles of the South, had vanished in the pure light of Britain; and the mild and encumbrance of the exile's daughter; it had become the beautiful blendings of her mother's, heightened her perceptions of moral beauty. Harold, who had no secrets from her, was seldom there respect, honor, and truthfulness. Her love for him was deep and pure as the waters of a well whose surface remains unruffled by the slightest breeze. Her heart was always at one moment awaiting into ripples, the next rising in their waves.

"Blunes," said Harold, as soon as the first words of welcome had passed, "I have to recommend independence, I may add wealth."

"*On my account?*" demanded the young girl, fixing her dark eyes searchingly upon him.

"On your account?" repeated her lover, with surprise. "What a singular supposition! But you do not mean it. On your account? No; but it been the case, think you I should have been rude, weak enough to have wanted it to you? You must know me better. I were unworthy of your love," he added, "could I imagine earth contained a treasure to be weighed in the balance against it."

"I know it," answered the girl, resuming her happy smile.

"And yet you tried me?"

"Yes."

"And why?"

"For the same reason," answered the Italian, blushingly, "that you sometimes inquire me to repeat the words, 'I love you.' You do not doubt it, Harold, and yet you find a pleasure in listening to the assurance. It is the lover's weakness, and in our sex must not be judged too harshly."

"Neither do I doubt you," she continued, fervently; "you possess too fine a sense of delicacy to humiliate the woman you love, by counting any single thing from worldly value.

The proud girl was right; love is not love when conscious of the sacrifice it has made.

It must have been a cold heart not to have bounded at such a confession from such lips. As the lonely words fell on his ears, our hero felt that intense happiness which arises from the conviction of being truly, fondly loved. Thought could not measure his gratitude, or words express it. Resigned for an instant clasping the hand of Blunes in his, listening to her soul-entrancing eloquence in dreamy, pleasing transport.

"Is youth! glorious youth! But why regret it? Those who have had their day can find in the past many sources of enjoyment on which memory may muse, oblivious of the barren present; they must have had their day, perhaps one, and worth our pity or reproaches—sometimes both.

"The offer I alluded to," said Harold Mansell, "cannot be made the slightest use to you have heard me speak of—Mr. Jenny. He called upon me this morning, and I am happy to announce that I should quit my employment with Sir Jasper."

"Is that the only reason?"

"No; that, he observed, would be too lonely. He wished me to be his partner, and my coldness for the trade of money making—the old man knew my character—was the very thing he required to provide for me. The offer was a tempting one," he added, with a smile, "to a man of my years and fortune, and the train of delightful visions that followed it—"

"Was that wise?" asked Blunes.

"Was it not independence?" replied her lover. "There we may safely refer to Mr. Jenny's character—its truthfulness, scorn of hypocrisy and meanness—to say that I am not a fool for that I pity; but he is suspicious. The world has taught him to be so, and perhaps he has to be hardly. Besides, there is something in his character which I cannot like, and sometimes to designate it by no harsher name, that I cannot respect. I should have felt myself degraded on the bounty of that man; and yet he would have proposed it in all sincerity.

"Think of his offers no more," said the Italian. "We are not poor. We have a home to think of marriage yet," she added, modestly, "and I have a little store of money of my own.

"Not in the least," observed our hero, eagerly. "I have a little store of money of my own, with a smile. "I am glad," she continued, after a pause, "that you have not been tempted to leave the energy which trusts to no man's help, and depends on itself alone to win its own way. It makes its occasions instead of waiting on them. It is the sovereign of the old world of every day within us and were it a man, I would look deeply sensitively in the face, smile or frown as the case might be, and say, 'I am a sovereign.'

"Then I might rest ten minutes," exclaimed Harold Mansell, as his friend made his appearance in the shop of the picture-dealer.

"Well," observed Tom, "I did not think you would approach me by keeping you waiting. Not very genteel of him, is it, Blunes?"

"Nothing!" repeated the girl.

The lover of Clara drew forth his watch, and with it in his hand, with an arch smile in the face of his friend, who found, to his astonishment, that more than an hour had elapsed.

Time never flies so quickly as when we are with those we love.

On quitting Princes street the young men proceeded to visit Adam Hayes, whom they found in a comfortable lodging. As our well see how he could do otherwise, with the pretty face of Jessie Bowman to smile on his patience. As for the old baker, he was in the seventh heaven of delight, surrounded by friends from business, taking a savings at Clapham, where the young men had come to dine. Jessie and her daughter stood at her head, but not very decidedly.

"Adam," said Harold, as he took off his hat, "I have come to ask you to be present at the wedding of my friend, who found, to his astonishment, that more than an hour had elapsed.

"Indeed I will," said

work, with a look of horror. "He has got plaids. I've found out all about him."

For years, despite the regularity of his payments, Mrs. Page had entertained a dim suspicion that there was something mysterious in this foreigner's coming and going, and the words "plaids" and "murder" startled, without greatly shaking her. Not knowing what Hannah might have discovered, she turned the key in the lock of the bedroom door.

"What have you to tell me?" she whispered. "Speak low."

"*No fear*, mum, of any one s-hearin' anything that's said in this room," observed the girl. "But this is really wuth, we s'pose, your while pressure she meant pantaloons—"like the lock pottie and first door."

"Don't keep me in suspense," said her mistress, beginning to feel a little nervous.

"I won't. You recollect what I told you about the man that was so like the picture in Mr. Islip's room?"

"Yes, yes."

"And how he is to call nigh to-night?"

"Perfectly."

"But I didn't tell you," whispered the maid-of-all-work, forgetting her lately-expressed confidence in the quickness of the ear of "the Irish scoonie" for."

"Hannah!" said her mistress, in a tone of virtuous indignation, "you have been listening."

"Oh! mum, mum!"

"How else could you have known what the gentleman is looking for? Mr. Arnold did not tell you, I presume?"

"No, mum, he kept it promiscuously; the carpet at the head of the first-floor stairs will s-ay, some very much since. *I've seen two gentlemen fight, a-fight, a-fight to fix it!* but to counter I never thought as you was a-lierin'. You wouldn't bemean yourself to sich a thing!"

"I should hope not," replied Mrs. Page, coloring slightly.

"Well, mum, the night that 'ertell man came, the carpet was wanted for every one, and however particular you are, I trust down on my knees a-pick it right, and found it rolled about the fuller was to come for two hundred pounds in bank-notes besides."

"Mr. Arnold, I suppose, owns him the money."

"*Flaged another*," quoted the maid-of-all-work. "He is to give him fifty sovereigns for 'em, and I heard in the floor say they could n't bring each other."

Her mistress was a woman of strong nerve, but even her equanimity was shaken at the dreadful word "forgery" and she sank into a chair faintly. There was no reason to suppose her informant mistaken, and how, by suspicion, could she purposely deceive her. Hannah could have got no motive for lowering in Mr. Arnold's confidence lodger had been uncommonly liberal to her—more than a excuse for buying a new cap and pink-bows, as, indeed, he generally was so all he came in contact with. A forger! a man who for his own ends was inwardly followed by the penalty of death! The bliss inspired for many terror than at the present time. Mr. Rodgers, Watts, so many great men have kindly taken into it, that the offense has been partially condoned, as far as society is concerned, by the untold interests it entices.

There was some influence in the cupboard all; and that we approve of the extreme punishment the law for forgery—in fact, for no offence short of murder; but the conflict vanquished the offense, and deprived its heroes of all mawkish sympathy.

The lover of the midnight hour for the when we perceive is in crime.

"So, mum, you see I dare's remain in the place alone with him," said the maid-of-all-work. "I should n't even if he cooked for me."

Knowing the excitable nature of the girl, Mrs. Page, thought, is very likely, and if a murder really should follow, or, what would be nearly as bad, one of her lodgers get hanged, the reputation of the house would be ruined forever.

"Of course not," said her mistress, "it would be unreasonable to ask such a thing."

"Very unreasonable, mum; but I'll do anything else. Shall I run for the police?"

"No," answered the landlady, in a very decided tone. "Shall no be, in no case, even on sufficient lodger to me, solid his title regularly, and never forget you, Hannah. I should not like him to be—to be taken here. You understand?"

"Good gracious! no, mum! what would I have do to him?"

"Go back into my bluestuff—keep him," said the landlady.

The burst of the hard-working drudge was tended a deification of the beautiful plantation colored "ground," and various other orgies of fancy drew her dull eyes to the floor.

"And after all," added the speaker, "you may be mistaken."

She had not the faintest hope that such was the case, but thought it best to place no reserves of the conduct she had determined to pursue, upon that footing.

Hannah groaned and shook her head—*fluent* was a stronger word for her mistress.

"You and Mr. Islip," said her mistress, "shall go for Chief."

"And leave you alone with him?"

"I have no fear to fear."

"I won't budge an inch!" exclaimed the girl, "if you was, I argy. What would you say to no wine I came back, if I found you with your throats cut?"

"Very little indeed, Hannah."

"Or a dudge in your bed. I 'se board o' sich things, and read on 'em too."

Although Mrs. Page began to feel exceedingly uncomfortable at the supposition, she repressed her fears, and with some difficulty prevailed upon the ignorant but faithful creature to make the best place in the hardware-closet, and accompany Harry to Islington.

"I shall keep this street door tip; and remain in the little front parlor," she observed, "till Mason and her father come."

"Better stand on the steps, mum, and talk to the first neighbor as passes."

The suggestion was not a bad one, and Mrs. Page promised to comply with it.

After a hurried consultation, and enacting as many promises from the maid-of-all-work not to broach a word of the fearful affair to either Mr. Harry or Clara, the landlady saw her depart. A feeling of horror crept over her as the backdoor creak down away.

Fortunately, Mr. Arnold had silently taken leave of the street and have answered for her service, which moved violently steady when Captain Riddle presented himself, and requested to see the lodger up stairs. "First floor, sir!" she replied. "Excuse my showing you the way; but the stupid current of mine—never was woman so plagued with a servant!—is barred back an hour since. There is a light upon the landing," she added.

"All right," said the ruffian, attempting to check the color of the cloth.

Mrs. Page uttered an involuntary scream, and drew back.

"Oh, no offence. We sailors can't resist the sentiments. Shouldn't mind sailing in the sea of matrimony, or any other sea, under your flag."

The landlady seemed him indignantly that she had not the slightest desire of engaging him in her service.

"Thought sim handsome enough, mayhap," muttered the captain, as he entered the passage and sinked up stairs.

His business with the first-floor lodger did not detain him long; in very few minutes he descended, and hailing a coach that had been waiting for him at the bottom of the street, drove off with the air of a man whose work was completed.

Neither was it; and yet he expected to lift sector and sell in a few days.

It was a gross relief to Mrs. Page when she saw him depart. The arrival of Barnes and her father, with one or two neighbors, whom she invited to walk in, added to her courage, and she proceeded to put the pegtop of her fears into its into cavation.

Leaving the door of the little parlor, where they were seated, open, she walked up stairs and tapped gently at the door of the first-floor room.

"Come in," said the soft, quiet Mr. Arnold. "Ah! is it you?" he added, when he recognized his visitor. "This is an unusual pleasure."

"The circumstances are unusual," answered the landlady, drily.

The gentleman raised his eyes from the newspaper and regarded her earnestly.

"It is not often that I have to request a lodger to quit my apartments."

"Quit them!" repeated the first floor, in his usual mellifluous tones.

"Quit them, sir; I believe that's English," said Mrs. Page. "The fact is, I neither like your visitors nor the business you carry on here."

Mr. Arnold turned rosy pale.

"It isn't respectable, nor safe—now, don't stir!" I have your interest in my mind, and besides a knife and sword; but if you quit your room, Mr. Arnold, you will be a prisoner. Gentlemen below," she added, significantly.

For several minutes the lodger's speaker uttered a word; thick drops of perspiration stood upon his brow of the forger, who, always in imagination, felt a most uncomfortable chokeing sensation about his throat.

"And are they, the friends you speak of?" he inquired, with a forced attempt at calm. "Visit to me?"

"Perfectly, Mr. Arnold," was the reply, "and more of them. I shall only declare that if return to it, in self-defence; not that you have any reason to blame me. I have nothing to do with error will; you have been an excellent lodger to me—good by! Good by, and God bless you!"

"And how long do you give me to depart?" he said, at last.

"Less will do," muttered the guilty man. "I understand you, and will not be the occasion of your ruin. Twenty minutes will be time enough."

"Mine!"

"The appearance of your cousin, Harry Barney," said the singular visitor, lowering his voice to a confidential tone, "and cousin, I am darea not. We—"

"Stop!" said each other," said Mrs. Page, finishing the sentence for him. "I know it. Now no more. Shall I tell them that you are coming, and to leave you taken here?"

"Your cousin, Harry—to take me," muttered the forger, most lowly their lives cheaply. I will send for my things in the course of the day. I find, when I am gone, sufficient to pay yourself, in gold, upon the table."

With a sigh, denoting how greatly she felt relieved that the affair had passed so quietly, the landlady descended to her friends in the front parlor. A few minutes afterwards a light step was heard in the passage, and the unsuspecting lodger had quitted the house for ever.

"Thank Heaven!" ejaculated the agitated woman, involuntarily.

"For what, particular blessing?" demanded Mason, laughingly.

"For your blessings, my love," answered Mrs. Page, evasively; "dangers seen and unseen. I am glad you are with me, Harry; I feel quite nervous left in the house alone."

"Why, you're not afraid of Mr. Arnold?" observed one of her visitors. A second added that he had been gone out.

"Well, I thought I heard a step," exclaimed the landlady, with a sudden pang, as she met the first step from the drawing-room and see that he has left the dra-ground up; men are so careless."

"Not Mr. Arnold, surely," said the fair Indian; "why, you know how neat he is."

"It's a bad world, child," answered Mrs. Page, "and the best people are often the worst deceived."

With this philosophical reflection she mounted a second time to the apartment of her late lodger, the long and weeping eyes on other room of working on my darling than age's canning, and the first step on the landing, as with quick ear as if speaking the words only to himself, "and if he signed a bill of sale, and the bill-broker glancing on the table to ascertain whether her lodger had forgotten his pencase. Her eyes fell upon a little of gilded paper.

To the day of her death no one ever knew the amount of the loss she had sustained by her lodger paid her.

The bill was forged, perhaps, his landlady ever kept.

Hour after hour passed without the return of Clara, Hannah, or Harry. Mrs. Page could endure the suspense no longer, and, leaving the house in charge of the maid-of-all-work, decided upon going to Islington in search of them.

At her earnest entreaty, the picture-dealer and his daughter accompanied her.

"What will Harold say if any danger has befallen his sweetie?" exclaimed Barnes.

"What will—my heart feel," sobbed the landlady, "if any danger has befallen Harold?"

On their arrival at the dairy, they learned that the good girl and her companions had left the house hours before. Tom, who had just returned, uttered not a word, but, with compressed lips, hastened out of the house, followed by his friend Harold.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Could ever hear by the tale of woe
The tenderest of all love-scenes ever did run smooth. SHAKESPEARE.

"Will this strange tale of crime and confusion never end?" exclaimed our hero, when he heard the new misfortune which threatened the happiness of his friend. "It is not Clara he is sorry for, but Harold, for I know you poor cousin Harry. I have been careless, unguarded; his memory has been fatal to me. It must have been that villain Riddle, whom Hannah recognized by his portrait."

"His visit to Mr. Arnold—"

"A coincidence," interrupted Harold; "an excuse to obtain admission into the house. No, no, my poor Clara, she is innocent as the day; my cousin has not forgotten the lesson he received. Besides, he has too much of the buttercup in his composition to be a determined villain even in villainy. Rest satisfied that she will be restored to us. I think I can guess where he has her."

"Eh?" repeated her sister; "a word easy to utter, but how difficult to practice! I will seek Captain Marsh—"

"I will be useless. It is his fature, Sir Jasper, who possesses the key to the mystery," replied his friend. "Have you forgotten the scheme of sending Harry to sea? the plan you so cleverly baffled? My uncle is not the man to abandon any purpose he has once formed. I will see him in the morning," he added, "and take the monk from his deathlike sleep. It is no longer a mask to us. From the hour I broke all ties with him—cut back his pretended benefits in his teeth, and have his home ever."

This was uttered so decidedly that Tom Mayfield felt half persuaded the speaker was right in his conjecture, and his fears for Clara began to diminish.

"Where shall we most to-morrow?" he asked.

"At Harry's old lodging," said our hero. "I shall make it my home for a few days."

"Harold!" said his friend, reproachfully.

"Or with you."

With this understanding they separated. At their hour no sleep could be taken. The tellingly bank was in a state of confusion, and the winged message after crime, to arrest its flight, to the dawn in the very moment of action. Tom, London had its follies, but laughter and gentleness. Separately, each took counsel of many anxieties wrung the heart of each of them.

Exhausted by the violence of his feelings and long-growing impatience for action which is the blood of youth, Harold was startled by a gentle tap at the door of his chamber. At first he thought imagination must have deceived him; a second one completely roused him from his reverie, and he hastened to admit the unexpected visitor.

To his astonishment, Mark Chambers stood before him.

"Dick!" said the old man; "I come to serve you. Let every word we utter be whispered for your visitors nor the business you carry on here."

Mr. Arnold turned rosy pale.

"It isn't respectable, nor safe—now, don't stir! I have your interest in my mind, and besides a knife and sword; but if you quit your room, Mr. Arnold, you will be a prisoner. Gentlemen below," she added, significantly.

For several minutes the lodger's speaker uttered a word; thick drops of perspiration stood upon his brow of the forger, who, always in imagination, felt a most uncomfortable chokeing sensation about his throat.

"And are they, the friends you speak of?" he inquired, with a forced attempt at calm. "Visit to me?"

"Perfectly, Mr. Arnold," was the reply, "and more of them. I shall only declare that if return to it, in self-defence; not that you have any reason to blame me. I have nothing to do with error will; you have been an excellent lodger to me—good by! Good by, and God bless you!"

"And how long do you give me to depart?" he said, at last.

"Less will do," muttered the guilty man. "I understand you, and will not be the occasion of your ruin. Twenty minutes will be time enough."

"Mine!"

"Your cousin, Harry Barney," said the agitated woman, involuntarily.

"For what particular blessing?" demanded Mason, laughingly.

"For your blessings, my love," answered Mrs. Page, evasively; "dangers seen and unseen. I am glad you are with me, Harry; I feel quite nervous left in the house alone."

"Why, you're not afraid of Mr. Arnold?" observed one of her visitors. A second added that he had been gone out.

"Well, I thought I heard a step," exclaimed the landlady, with a sudden pang, as she met the first step from the drawing-room and see that he has left the dra-ground up; men are so careless."

"Not Mr. Arnold, surely," said the fair Indian; "why, you know how neat he is."

"It's a bad world, child," answered Mrs. Page, "and the best people are often the worst deceived."

With this philosophical reflection she mounted a second time to the apartment of her late lodger, the long and weeping eyes on other room of working on my darling than age's canning, and the first step on the landing, as with quick ear as if speaking the words only to himself, "and if he signed a bill of sale, and the bill-broker glancing on the table to ascertain whether her lodger had forgotten his pencase. Her eyes fell upon a little of gilded paper.

To the day of her death no one ever knew the amount of the loss she had sustained by her lodger paid her.

The bill was forged, perhaps, his landlady ever kept.

Hour after hour passed without the return of Clara, Hannah, or Harry. Mrs. Page could endure the suspense no longer, and, leaving the house in charge of the maid-of-all-work, decided upon going to Islington in search of them.

At her earnest entreaty, the picture-dealer and his daughter accompanied her.

"What will Harold say if any danger has befallen his sweetie?" exclaimed Barnes.

"What will—my heart feel," sobbed the landlady, "if any danger has befallen Harold?"

On their arrival at the dairy, they learned that the good girl and her companions had left the house hours before. Tom, who had just returned, uttered not a word, but, with compressed lips, hastened out of the house, followed by his friend Harold.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Could ever hear by the tale of woe
The tenderest of all love-scenes ever did run smooth. SHAKESPEARE.

"Will this strange tale of crime and confusion never end?" exclaimed our hero, when he heard the new misfortune which threatened the happiness of his friend. "It is not Clara he is sorry for, but Harold, for I know you poor cousin Harry. I have been careless, unguarded; his memory has been fatal to me. It must have been that villain Riddle, whom Hannah recognized by his portrait."

"His visit to Mr. Arnold—"

"A coincidence," interrupted Harold; "an excuse to obtain admission into the house. No, no, my poor Clara, she is innocent as the day; my cousin has not forgotten the lesson he received. Besides, he has too much of the buttercup in his composition to be a determined villain even in villainy. Rest satisfied that she will be restored to us. I think I can guess where he has her."

"Eh?" repeated her sister; "a word easy to utter, but how difficult to practice! I will seek Captain Marsh—"

"I will be useless. It is his fature, Sir Jasper, who possesses the key to the mystery," replied his friend. "Have you forgotten the scheme of sending Harry to sea? the plan you so cleverly baffled? My uncle is not the man to abandon any purpose he has once formed. I will see him in the morning," he added, "and take the monk from his deathlike sleep. It is no longer a mask to us. From the hour I broke all ties with him—cut back his pretended benefits in his teeth, and have his home ever."

In the morning, when he rose from it and entered the breakfast-room, he found the door already locked and the key on the inside. This discovery explained how his unknown visitor had made so much of the knowledge that had puzzled him. There was a secret entrance—the proof was clear, although, after fatiguing himself for an hour in the endeavor, he failed to find it.

The next day, after a brief and not very amicable explanation with Sir Jasper, Harold and Tom started for Cobbs, with the intention of proceeding by land to Leghorn, where they hoped to arrive before the Amazon.

Mrs. Page had armed them with a terrible weapon in the event of their meeting with Captain Riddle.

Clara, Harry, and the maid-of-all-work were in excellent spirits when they quitted the dairy on their return home. They had left Tobin stronger and better. The pure country air—the sensation most excellent that we are writing of Islington in 1850—began already to tell upon the fever enhanced frame. All that the poor dwarf now complained of was a singular pricking sensation in his joints, and occasional deadening pains.

The physician, who was present when he described these sensations, smiled, but made no comment.

A very few weeks afterwards the secret of his smile was explained.

Mr. Islington had faithfully promised her mistress to observe a religious silence respecting the first-floor lodger, and the terrible act of slavery she had made, it was exacting too much human nature to expect her to keep it literally. Like the witches in "Macbeth," she "kept the words of promise to the ear, but broke it to the sense."

It was a mystery, and Hannah delighted in mysteries. Her hints and awful predictions excited and amused her two companions, that for some time they took no notice of the road they were going. The hackney-coach was off the stones before Clara observed it.

"Why, Harry, you must have missed his way," she observed.

Harry bid down the front glass to inquire.

"All right," said the coachman, in a thick voice.

The man and steed, for the night was a wild one, beat in at the open window, which the coachman, in his hurry hastily closed, and the vehicle resumed its course.

"Why, Clara," resumed the maid-of-all-work, "though I 'as never been carried off, I've read about it, and I argy there's no one as much at their do ease to try sich a game with me. Them as has my pities; I know only know what I knows."

This remark appears to be somewhat troublesome, exclaimed Harry, laughingly. "Have you seen anything?"

"I should think I has, Mr. Islip."

"Has given you?" Oh, to-day, have it!"

Hannah shook her head.

"Now I should like to hear it" urged the deceased.

"What I've seen wor worse nor a ghost," said the maid-of-all-work; "but you mustn't ask me, 'tis as good as sworn not to tell it."

The strangers," added the youth, highly amused at her solemn cases and air of importance, "have sworn you to secrecy."

"Well, that does make a difference."

The scene is done, and Harry, naturally, pursuing his advantage; "besides, the telling of it cannot injure your mind. A bad thing to have to great a weight upon your mind, Hannah."

"Well, Mr. Islip, I don't see as it can do no harm, as the moment the coach gave a lurch in a broke pane of the roof. The girl gave a loud scream. This attracted the attention of Clara and Harry, and the road that never stirred.

"I am sure the man is taking us out of our way!" she exclaimed. "We ought to have reached Longacre by this time."

"Oh, no, miss."

"The young sculptor once more lowered the sash. They were upon an open road, ledges on either side, not a house near.

"All right! repeated the driver.

"But you're not all right," replied Harry, angrily. "We are loosing London, instead of approaching it. Stop, sir, stop!" he added, addressing Clara, "whether the fellow is drunk or sober."

A terrible fear fell on the heart of the poor girl. Her companions mistook when the coach, man stopped, but returned with double force, when she discovered that it was only to take up a ladder-looking man upon the box.

"Can you help me?" she exclaimed. "I am in the hands of my enemies again!"

The maid-of-all-work screamed, and Harry tried to force open the doors of the coach.

"Stop!"

Both these appliances—for such they literally were—caused a bump, or overlook a velocity upon the road, the driver and his companion began to sing, or drown their appeals for assistance. The man was cleverly imagined.

Midnight had struck before that fearful ride was ended. It was effected by some dressing to a boat in waiting at the waterside, where they were joined by Tom and Harold.

An hour after they were secured in the cabin of the boat, by the set sail for Leghorn.

No sooner had Captain Riddle taken the command than he discovered he had a difficult part to play. His crew, with one exception, were strangers to him; and the mate, a native of young Scandinavian, to whom the ship had been consigned by the owners, appeared anything but reconciled to his disappointment.

The first step was to make communists at the riskiest with which the passengers, or their protector designated him, had to deal.

"Hark!" said the ruffian, "I am an old seadog, and bite without barking. That's my way."

"No doubt, Captain," replied the young man, coolly; "it is not without experience."

"The lad is a runaway appreciative of mine," said the captain, "and can show his lubberman; and there's no mair to be said about him."

"Then I am correct in my conjecture," continued Riddle, without noticing the latter observation; "the lad is a runaway apprentice."

Sir Jasper turned to the

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

A MEMORY.

BY MARY CLEMMER AMES.

We bid our ears to silence
Upon the window vines,
And saw our voices flagon,
The wandering waters here.
We bade our eyes
Adorn the quiet street,
To the rhythm of our dreamy thought,
We smiled as to a dance.

The weary sun was resting
Above the mountain's crest;
His bugle'ring, lingering kisses,
All insensible to light.
The Evening Star was peering
From the blue above her bed,
Impatient that its vivid god
Had not his splendor spent.

Swiftly a sudden glory
Shot over the ashen sky;
The heavy mountain's mantle,
Burned ruby to its eye.
Trees leaning o'er the river,
Spreading for their second bars,
Now waved above the crystal,
Bought blossomed out in stars.
The way river roared on,
Grew luminous as a bluff;
Each wave that caught a fallen star,
Shook splendor from its cup.
Softly eve's shimmering shadows
Stole o'er the dreamy sky;
Laden with stresses, now yielding,
The breeze came fainting by;
The myrtle scents of Evening
Effusing every sight;
As silks award, I knew it brought
Its odor from the sky.

Softly our purple grapevine
In quietness we forbid;
Softly around our plumes,
The clinging waters curled,
As an end in a dance,
For down the haunted stream,
Faded in love's former dream,
We smiled as to a dream.

We floated on in silence,
Till o'er the waters dim,
And up to paying angel's hearts,
Love stole our parting hymn.

I sat beside his silence
Which time the haunted stream;
And for away I love a banner,
I saw as in a dream.
For down the purple morning;
In raiment as of day,
Softly across the answering years,
Floated that parting hymn.

There are memories which haunt us,
In heights or depths of time,
There's a voice that calls us, calls us,
Through sage hopes and fears,
The voices which smile our rolent thrill,
In love's revisiting-place of joy.

I pause, and wait, and listen;
The Bride's dream is gone,
Do I not catch the rhythm
Of its every gone tone?
On the flower-reguided bosom
Of its ever-living stream,
Beloved one I am by beauty,
I am as in a dream.

I hear thy voice beloved,
Its old-time music low;
O, sing for me the sweet earth-song
You used to your know.
Its human tenderness will fall
With the sympathy free
Of seraphs' songs, who hoard it sung
In answer long ago.

O, sweet thy voice beloved,
As in love's early dream;
No human answer sadness it,
No human sigh its theme.
Still watch with thy spirit heaven,
I see its starry eyes,
Still bleeds the rhythm of thy song,
With that immortal stream.
I soon shall lay my soul in thine,
And it will not be a dream.

ESCAPE FROM PEROTE CASTLE.

A PRISONER'S STATEMENT.

BY EMERSON BENNETT.

I was one of the unfortunate Benne prisoners confined in the Castle of Perote, by order of the treacherous Santa Anna, in the year 1843. This fortified prison, the strongest in Mexico, if not in the world, is a grand, gloomy pile of masonry, situated in a valley between two mountains, about a mile north of the town of Perote, through which the stages, carrying the mail, pass between the cities of Vera Cruz and Mexico. The Castle, as it is called, is built of volcanic scoria, which has been so hardened by fusion as to be almost impervious to steel. The walls are eight feet thick, and about sixty feet in hight from the bottom of the ditch on the inside to the parts. This moat, which extends entirely around the great structure, with its angular bastions, is some twenty feet in depth by two hundred in width, and, though ordinarily kept dry, as it was while I was there, is so connected with subterranean water-works that it can be flooded in a few minutes. On the outside of the moat is a massive stone wall, and beyond this again are a formidable chevaux de frise and a still wider, including this ditch, the entire works cover twenty-six acres. Upon the ramparts, which are scarcely foot in width and extend the entire circumference of the building, are mounted eighty pieces of artillery, and here sentinels are constantly pacing to and fro day and night. The flat roof upon which these cannon rest, is solid masonry, fifteen feet thick, which is supported by successive arches, scarcely feet long by twenty wide. This forms the upper story and constitute the workshops, storerooms and cells of the prisoners. They are entered only from the inside, through massive doors which have a narrow grating over the top. When the door of a cell is closed, the only light and air which can reach it, must come across it through the grating mentioned, or down a loop-hole at the far end, which, from being some two feet square on the inner side of the wall, gradually narrows down to an aperture of some four inches by twelve on the outside, and opens over the great moat. Pressing these cells on each flank, and the distance of eight feet, is an entire range of square buildings, two stories high, in which are quartered the officers and soldiers of the garrison, with, in many cases, their wives and families, and which, in spite of their near neighborhood to the entire court or plaza, are hundred feet square, used for military drill and parade. In fact, the Castle of Perote is almost a city in itself, and originally cost many years of labor and many millions of dollars.

This Bastile alike serves the ambitious tyrant and common justice, and becomes alike the abode of a political rival, a State conspirator, a treacherous general, and a thief and the vilest felon unhung. Every grade of society, from the very highest to the very lowest, except the man of rank to the filthy vagabond, has at different times its representative here; and could the stones of this gloomy structure speak, the dark and cruel deeds and tales of human suffering which they might reveal would make common humanity shrink aghast.

It was my misfortune, with many other Texian comrades, to be captured or kidnapped by a Mexican general, and, after being marched hundreds of miles, and receiving treatment which killed several of my friends, to be imprisoned in one of the cold, dismal cells of this den of a tyrant. And not only imprisoned, but loaded with irons and degraded to the lowest menial employment. A chain, weighing twenty pounds, and only some four or five feet in length, linked me by the ankle to one of my companions in misery; and thus secured, we were compelled, along with others, to remove the filth and offal from the cells every morning in baskets/rows, and after this to pack in stone and sand, to repair the fortifications, from a distance of some thing like a mile, being all the time closely guarded by a file of soldiers on either side of us, and often treated with indignity and abuse. At six o'clock each evening, we were ordered in and counted and locked up in our cell, there to remain till six the following morning, when again as best we might, with no bed but the cold flags, and no covering but our worn, dirty and ragged clothes and a few miserable blankets, which we had managed to obtain, generally tired down with the labors of the day, I have passed a restless night of misery, sometimes roused by cold, sometimes by drenching rains, sometimes by cramps and colic and kindred ailments, not to mention musquitoes, sand-flies, and sometimes by the like sufferings of the companions in misery I was chained to.

Thus passed days, weeks and months, with scarcely a ray of hope, and the dreary prospect of our sufferings being in the removal of our every chance at flight, which we had effected in various ways, but principally by bribing the smith to put in false irons made of copper and charcoal, so that we could remove them at pleasure. Our food during this time was scanty and poor; and this, together with hard work, loss of rest, constant wretchedness of mind, and improper treatment, carried some to the hospital, some to the grave, and reduced the rest of us, if not to sickness, at least to several pounds below our ordinary weight.

At length the news reached us of the capture of some two or three hundred more of our countrymen at Mier, and not long after this, the news of them, among whom were General Green, Colonel Fisher, and many others, was brought into the castle and confined in a cell adjoining ours. The arrival of these fresh victims was allowed them for looking about the castle, and, after a few days, were marched to the pairs like ourselves, and put to the same menial and degrading employment.

Time passed on and brought us so much misery and so little hope, that I began to think I took the bold resolve of making our escape if it were possible to be accomplished. One of our party being carpenters, and occasionally employed in the work-shops, his tools were thus secured, and with these it was our first idea to attempt to saw through the iron and lower ourselves into the moat by means of a rope which we should make of bed-clothes. Having succeeded in getting a small piece at a time, and replacing the part sawed, so that it would not be noticed at the loop-hole, we found it so well guarded by two sentinels placed in the moat, and those with our inferior locks so much accustomed to watching it, and so wholly unsuspicious of us, that we abandoned this project, and turned our attention to the jail.

There was a wooden shutter to the loop-hole, and when this was open, as it generally was for the admission of light and air, it completely concealed our secret work; but as no additional precautions against escape were taken, and our locks up along the wall, and always kept one of our number sleepless, and on the watch, we were often disturbed in our labors, and were obliged, on the approach of the officer of the guard, or on any other signal, to replace the shutter and conceal all traces of our operations. Office the shutter and conceal all traces of our operations. Office the shutter and conceal all traces of our operations. Office